



THE \$300 MILLION MAN

TV evangelist
Pat Robertson will
run for president...
if the price is right.

John Judis reports

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Alexandre de Marenches: the architect of Ronald Reagan's foreign policy?

A spooky count haunts Reagan

By Diana Johnstone

PARIS

The latest chapter in the Americanization of France stars Alexandre de Marenches, the Gallic counterpart of Vernon Walters, who recently burst on the media scene from the shadows of a top spook career. Marenches was head of the French version of the CIA, the SDECE (*Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionnage*) from his appointment by President Georges Pompidou in November 1970 until shortly after Francois Mitterrand's election in 1981. All that time the media, in keeping with French respect for *raison d'état*, kept the public as uninformed as possible about the personality of their spy chief.

Now Marenches is suddenly appearing on TV talk shows, dispensing his anti-communist geopolitical wisdom and bragging about his noble lineage, his exalted connections, his understatement and all his secret operations no one has heard about because they were successful—unlike the sinking of Greenpeace's Rainbow Warrior (see ITT, Sept. 4, 1985).

Why this new taste for the limelight? The word about town is that the gallant Count de Marenches was skillfully charmed into talking by the ravishing Christine Ockrent. She is the Belgian-born and American-educated journalist who was the star of the evening news broadcasts until she quit to have a baby with another attractive celebrity, Bernard Kouchner, whose "Doctors of the World" carry medical care and the Free World flag around the globe.

For all the Parisian glamor of his debut, Marenches did not "come out" just for the fun of it, but with a clear political purpose. He wants to promote to a broader public the "geopolitical" outlook he has for years been instilling in world leaders, the better to build up the unified Free World institutions necessary to wage "total war" on a global level against the "Soviet empire." Specifically, he urges France to set up a National Security Council on the American model to carry on the Third World War—now in progress, in his view—in a more coordinated way.

Alexandre de Marenches was put in charge of the SDECE in 1970 by then-President Georges Pompidou specifically to purge it of the "left-wing Gaullists" who had mightily annoyed the U.S. government during the '60s, when President de Gaulle struck out with his own independent foreign policy, notably in the Third World. At that time, Marenches' close friend and drinking companion Vernon Walters was in charge of intelligence at the U.S. embassy in Paris. Pompidou's sudden appointment of Marenches was widely interpreted as a CIA takeover of the French agency. But was he embarrassed at being considered an American agent? Marenches' answer: his American connections have been an asset to France—notably when he informed Pompidou in advance of the historic December 1971 devaluation of the dollar, enabling the Bank of France to make a killing.

Marenches, who is half American (on his mother's side), has connections on both sides of the Atlantic. The Marechal Petain was witness at his parents' marriage, and his father was George Marshall's best friend. Marenches himself is an honorary member of the exclusive Order of Cincinnatus, founded by George Washington (only 370 members), and counts among his dear friends Alexander Haig, King Hassan II of Morocco and the Archduke Otto von Hapsburg, legitimate heir to the throne of the late lamented Austro-Hungarian empire whom he esteems as a "geostrategist of the first rank."

Bound for glory

In 1942, at the age of 21, Marenches joined the Allied war effort in French North Africa in a way that made him look like an OSS (Office of Secret Services, the original CIA) agent to his French superiors...who seem to have promoted him partly for that reason. He quickly became aide to Gen. Alphonse Juin ("my second father"), the "pacifier" of Morocco, whose devotion to the

Allied cause began with their debarkation in Algeria. Thus the young Marenches was a link between the American upper crust and the French officer corps, whose primary concern in World War II was to hang on to the French colonies and to oppose Communism.

Now, in his new public role, Marenches is preaching the "Reagan Doctrine" to the French. But is it really the "Reagan" doctrine? To hear Marenches describe his own influence, it is perhaps in reality the Marenches Americanizing French policy, or Gallicizing American policy.

In telling his tale to Ockrent, Marenches virtually claims credit for setting the course of Reagan's foreign policy. "I explained one day to President Reagan in the course of a long conversation that of the eight strategic raw materials, indispensable in war as in peacetime, the Americans controlled only four and the Russians eight. I had brought maps prepared by my services..." The strategic map act is Marenches' specialty, and it seems to make a big impression on Americans weak in geography.

The first time he visited Reagan in California, "He told me right at the start he didn't know much about world strategy." Touched by the great man's remarkable modesty, the Count whipped out his maps. Thus equipped, he explained to Reagan that one of the great changes in the world today is that while only a few years ago guerrillas were generally fighting in "left" movements against "right" dictatorships, today they are anti-communist. A prime example is "my friend Jonas Savimbi," whom Marenches praises as one of the great men of history.

"The U.S. has the means to carry out a grand strategy but not the experience, the imagination nor the continuity (change of administration every four years)," observed the French geostrategist. Could such considerations have inspired the conservative move to repeal the ban on a third term?

The geostrategist lessons dispensed by Marenches fit into a political philosophy that is fundamentally feudal. This is expressed in the title of the Ockrent-Marenches book, *Dans le Secret des Princes* (translation: in on the secrets of princes, which in French conjures up the expression, "the princes who govern us"). The Count sees himself as carrying on the tradition of his centuries-old noble family, serving kings and princes. He is clearly happiest offering his services to monarchs, such as King Juan Carlos of Spain, Hassan II of Morocco, the late Shah of Iran, the Saudi royal family or the uncrowned but deserving Otto von Hapsburg, one of "only half a dozen people in the world" who understand world strategy.

"Good taste"

Where a royal family is not available, Marenches prefers a strong "natural leader." His favorite of these is Savimbi, "the true chief of Angola, as de Gaulle was of France." He visited Savimbi in the bush, and saw his charisma operate on his men, who although "incredibly destitute" looked at him "like a divinity." Marenches' admiration is both personal and, of course, geopolitical. "I believe I am serving France and Europe when I say that, if you look at the map of Africa, you'll see that with a free Angola, we could have at our disposal an extremely strong zone of French cultural influence stretching practically from Tangiers, from the straits of Gibraltar, up to the southern frontier of Angola and Namibia."

Marenches complains constantly of the "soft democracies,"

THE STORY

unable to resist Soviet expansionism. His harshest words are reserved for Jimmy Carter, a "disastrous" president because of his moralism. Marenches tends to agree with writer Jean-Francois Revel that democracy may be only an "historic accident."

The tragi-comic paradox is that in the late 20th century the foreign policy of modern, democratic America has fallen into the hands of archaic feudalistic strategists like Marenches, Knights of Malta who are essentially still carrying on the Crusades. What Marenches says is essentially the same as the international journalist ("a cousin of my Belgian cousins," says Marenches) Arnaud de Borchgrave, Vernon Walters, Otto von Hapsburg... and Ronald Reagan. The comic part is that the Count de Marenches—perceived as an "Anglo-Saxon" agent in France—probably impresses Reagan as a real European, just like in the movies.

Marenches (like von Hapsburg, who sits in the European parliament as a conservative Christian representative from Bavaria) represents the "Charlemagne right," which aspires to unite Europe under the banner of Christendom, preferably with an empire and superpower status. To obtain the necessary American power-backing for their projects, they consistently slander whatever is democratic in their own countries as weak, anti-American and pro-Communist.

Marenches concludes his book with a "Master Plan for the West." A "supreme inter-allied general staff for global war" would have at its command a "highly mobile expeditionary force able to intervene rapidly anywhere" around the world. Such intervention could make Europe capable of waging nuclear war, by procuring the necessary "strategic depth" to be able to face up to nuclear attack. Just as the U.S. has its Far West and the Soviets have their Far East, the North African countries could provide Europe with a "Far South."

GOVERNMENT

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By John Judis

WASHINGTON

DR. PAT ROBERTSON DIDN'T ANNOUNCE his presidential candidacy on September 17, but he did something better: he announced that he and his new organization, Americans for Robertson, were going to see whether Americans wanted him to run.

Robertson declared, "If by September 17, 1987, one year from today, three million registered voters have signed petitions telling me that they will pray, that they will work, that they will give toward my election, then I will run as a candidate for the nomination for the Republican Party for the office of President of the United States." He also asked supporters to pledge \$100 each to his campaign, which would give him a presidential campaign chest of \$300 million.

Robertson's ploy allows him to continue hosting his daily TV show, *The 700 Club*—if he had announced his candidacy he would have to grant his opponents "equal time" on the air every time he appeared—while simultaneously raising money for a presidential bid.

His speech took place before an audience of several thousand at Washington's Constitution Hall and was broadcast nationally over closed-circuit TV to an estimated 200,000 supporters gathered at 216 hotels and auditoriums.

God bless America

The three-hour event, climaxed by Robertson's speech, was carefully designed to situate Robertson's candidacy within American political rather than religious traditions. It was not staged at a church, but at an historic American building on the anniversary of the Constitution's signing. The auditorium was festooned with red, white and blue bunting. No crosses were evident, and the ministers who spoke wore suits and were introduced as doctors rather than reverends.

The first speakers were organized to demonstrate the breadth of the candidates' support. First came the youth ("Annie" actress Randall Brooks), then the token Jew (Ben Waldman, 1984 director of the Jewish Coalition for Reagan/Bush), then the black (former football player Roosevelt Grier), then the woman (Beverly LeHaye, founder of Concerned Women for America), then the businessman (A.L. Williams of A.L. Williams Life Insurance).

At moments during his speech, Robertson sounded like an ordinary politician. For instance, his speech contained a section—clearly stapled in separately in the version handed out to the press—calling for free trade, but warning our trading partners, "Either give us free and fair access to your markets or we will shut down America's markets to you."

Yet the underlying religious purpose of Robertson's candidacy—to reclaim America for Protestant Fundamentalism—kept surfacing throughout the proceedings (see accompanying story).

Bible republic

After the youth, Jew, black, woman and businessman had each spoken, one Fundamentalist after another took the stage to declare for Robertson and to frame his candidacy in starkly religious terms. Texas preacher Jimmy Draper, the former president of the Southern Baptist Convention, told the crowd that Robertson's "commitment to God and his understanding of the historical base of our nation rooted in biblical truth will enable him to protect us from the dangerous notion that religious and moral convictions are inappropriate in the political and public arena... He understands that this is a biblical Republic."

Faith-healer Oral Roberts, the best known and most widely respected Pentecostal, made a surprise appearance. Roberts explained how he had decided, after a trip to Japan, to endorse Robertson. "A little

1988: one nation, under Pat?

wheel began to turn in me as I flew non-stop back to America, and I began to think I wanted to say something. I'm 68-years-young, and I've never stood up publicly for anything political, but something spoke inside me and said, you've known this man."

Robertson was introduced by Pastor Harald Bredeesen. This was an attractive, but telling touch. The squat, balding Bredeesen, who is unknown outside the Pentecostal community, was Robertson's spiritual

mentor—the man who introduced him to the Pentecostal practice of speaking in tongues.

In his 1972 autobiography, *Shout It from the Rooftops*, he describes first hearing Bredeesen speak in tongues: "Our entire prayer group came, and was astonished when halfway through the prayer meeting something happened to Harald. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, a torrent of beautiful words in a tongue I had never heard pouring from the depths of his being... I didn't know what

had happened to him. I only knew that God had touched his life."

Bredeesen also framed Robertson's campaign in religious terms. "America is a bleeding giant," Bredeesen said. "Only God can heal her wounds. Only God can set her free. Only a man whom God has appointed, only a man who fears God and hears God and obeys God, only that man can lead us in this hour."

Robertson's speech, shorn of its digres-

Continued on page 12



Pat Robertson "understands" that the U.S. is a "biblical Republic."

The evolution of Protestant Evangelicals

Protestant Evangelicals, distinguished from other Christians by their emphasis on a personal experience of Jesus Christ and on a commitment to spread the "good news," are part of a diverse movement, whose members are almost as likely to vote for the Rev. Jesse Jackson as for the Rev. Pat Robertson.

There are the left-wing Evangelicals identified with *Sojourners* magazine and the Evangelicals for Social Action; moderates identified with the Rev. Billy Graham and the 140,000-circulation weekly magazine, *Christianity Today*; the right of Falwell, Robertson, and the Rev. Bob Jones. Historically, Evangelicals include both leaders of the abolitionist movement like the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and enemies of the early labor movement like the Rev. Dwight L. Moody.

But a loose set of threads connects the conservative Evangelicals of the late 19th and early 20th centuries with those of today. In the late 19th century, American Protestants began to divide under the impact of Darwin's theory of evolution and the massive immigration of European Catholics. Darwin challenged the Protestant view of biblical inerrancy and Catholic immigration challenged the conception of America as a Protestant Israel in which God's kingdom was being created.

Social Gospel Protestants sought to accommodate science and liberalism: to identify church practice with a more just and humane society. Fundamentalists, as they came to be called, sought to reaffirm the Bible's inerrancy and to seal themselves off from the corruption and religious heterogeneity of American life. Fundamentalists are the ancestors of Falwell and Robertson.

They combine a belief in the Bible's unchallengeable truth with a belief that God's millennium—which many American Protestants had believed to be imminent—would be preceded by a period of tribulation that would include Armageddon, the final battle between the forces of good and evil. Most American Protestants had believed that they were laying the groundwork for the millennium.

The Fundamentalists, smitten by the specter of Catholic immigrants and the evils of science, foresaw a seven-year period of tribulation as a prerequisite for the millennium. Social Gospel leader Walter Rauschenbusch described their "historical pessimism" as a "dead weight against any effort to mobilize the moral forces of Christianity to share in the modern social movement."

Most of the right-wing Evangelicals' political positions—not only opposition to abortion, but also support for the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) and for Israeli expansion into the West Bank—are grounded in their Armageddon theology. Consider the Fundamentalists' support for Israel. The pre-millennialists don't believe that either Rome or America was God's "new Israel"; God had postponed his Second Coming until Jerusalem and Israel were rebuilt.

Since the early 20th century, Fundamentalists have been rabid Zionists, but not necessarily out of love for Jews. They believe that Israel must be founded because God cannot return again on earth until the Jews in Israel are punished for their sins during the Tribulation.

The Fundamentalists also believe that nuclear war is inevitable. Their bizarre scenario for the Tribulation—the outlines of which date back now 100 years—have

been updated to include a nuclear war in which one-third of humankind perishes. According to the Fundamentalists' interpretation of prophecy, the seven-year Tribulation will commence when the Anti-Christ (previously thought to be Hitler or Stalin, but now identified as a leader of the European Common Market) signs a pact with the leader of Israel, bringing outward peace to the world's warring nations, but also providing the pretext for the slaughter of Christians. After three-and-a-half years, however, the Anti-Christ will break the pact, and a final war will commence, initially pitting Israel against the Soviet Union, but eventually engulfing the entire world. When the radioactive dust clears, Christ will return with his army of saints and the millennium will commence.

There are, however, significant theological as well as political differences among the right-wing Evangelicals. The most important is between the Pentecostals like Pat Robertson and the non-Pentecostals. Pentecostals—who take their name from a biblical passage in which Christ's disciples, 50 days after the Resurrection, began preaching the Gospel in "many tongues"—speak in tongues and often practice faith healing.

There are also differences in Armageddon theology. Some Fundamentalists like Falwell and author Hal Lindsey (*The Late Great Planet Earth*) believe that true Christians will be "raptured" off the earth by Jesus prior to the Tribulation; others, like Robertson, believe that the rapture will take place after the Tribulation. Sara Diamond, a University of California at Berkeley grad student who studies right-wing Fundamentalists, believes that Robertson is moving toward a kind of right-wing social gospel in which the extent of the Tribulation is minimized and the goal of politics is to create a Fundamentalist Kingdom of God on earth.

—J.B.J.

INSHORT

Rachel Sternberg

...woman has become president of a major union. Before that, she was president of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, AFL-CIO, CLC, until the death of her husband, John E. Heaps. Since Heaps' death, the union has been led by his son, John E. Heaps Jr., who will head the union in 1987.

CONGRESS

The U.S. House of Representatives has passed a bill that would give the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) the power to order the reinstatement of workers who have been fired for political reasons. The bill, which was passed by a vote of 218 to 215, would also give the NLRB the power to order the payment of back pay to workers who have been fired for political reasons. The bill is part of a larger package of labor law reforms that the House is considering. The Senate has also passed a similar bill, but it is still in committee. The bill is expected to become law in the next few months.

HOUSE REPEALS BUREAU

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Georgia

Among other things, that blacks make up 35 percent of the state's population, but only 15 percent of the state's political power. The bill, which was passed by a vote of 218 to 215, would also give the NLRB the power to order the payment of back pay to workers who have been fired for political reasons. The bill is part of a larger package of labor law reforms that the House is considering. The Senate has also passed a similar bill, but it is still in committee. The bill is expected to become law in the next few months.

SPY

The Federal Trade Service (FTS) in Princeton, N.J., is the federal agency that is responsible for the collection and analysis of intelligence information. The FTS is part of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI). The FTS is responsible for the collection and analysis of intelligence information from a variety of sources, including human sources, electronic sources, and physical sources. The FTS is also responsible for the dissemination of intelligence information to other federal agencies and to state and local law enforcement agencies.

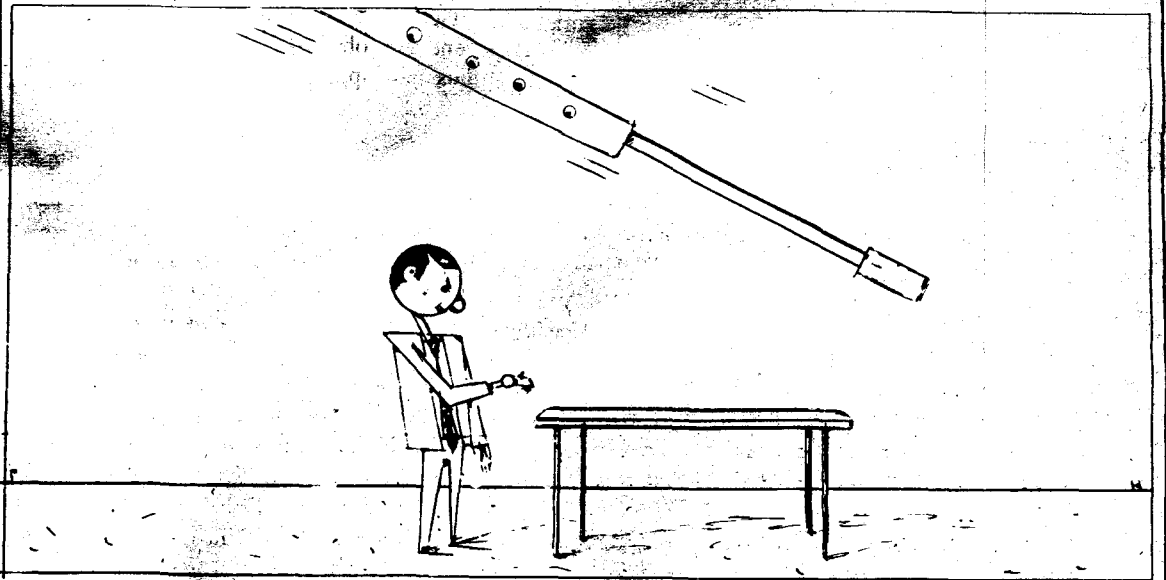
Strong state courts

With federal courts swerving to the right, Americans should make sure their state courts don't head in the same direction. The various state courts are the last line of defense for constitutional rights broader than those afforded under federal law. So says Michigan State University law professor Zoltan Ben-Ner, who is running for the Michigan Supreme Court. He describes as "a best middle of the road" this is the kind of court that Ben-Ner, a former state senator and the Democratic nominee for governor in 1966. Two seats are open, and he is among 24 candidates listed on the non-partisan ballot. Dennis Archer, a highly regarded black attorney, is expected to win one of the seats. Ben-Ner wants the other.

One jump ahead

The U.S. Supreme Court, the largest and most influential of the federal courts, has just handed down a decision against the "anti-bullying and cruelty" law. Anyone who produces, distributes, or shows films in violation of the decree can be punished by up to two years in prison. Spies aside, has U.S. Attorney General Ed Meese been sharing his thoughts?

Army presence stalls talks in Salvador



Peter Hannan

San Salvador—The evaporation of peace talks here planned for last week came as no surprise. It was clear from the start that President Jose Napoleon Duarte was not committed to negotiating an end to El Salvador's six-year-old civil war. Instead, Duarte was using the prospect of renewed dialogue to shore up his popularity, badly eroded by the unending civil war and the economic austerity measures needed to finance it. (See *ITT*, June 25 and July 23.)

When Duarte announced in June that he would reopen the dialogue that broke off two years ago, he insisted on preliminary talks outside the country—something the rebel FDR-FMLN had always opposed. In July, Duarte challenged guerrilla leaders to confront him face to face, but backed away when they offered to debate him on TV. Then the government Ministry of Communications proposed a debate in the shut-down offices of the pro-U.S. *La Prensa* in Man-

agua, Nicaragua—hardly a neutral spot. Even Salvadoran Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas had to admit that the proposal lacked seriousness.

Last month, both sides met in Mexico for preliminary talks and agreed on a date, September 19, and a location, the small, remote town of Sesori, to resume negotiations. The location had been a sticking point. Sesori, 50 miles northeast of San Salvador, in northern San Miguel province, was a compromise site proposed by the rebels because it was a no-man's-land controlled by neither side.

Shortly after the location was announced, however, the army occupied the entire region and Duarte said the rebels would have to enter it under government protection. Colonel Mauricio Staben was the officer in charge of the army troops. Staben has been accused of death squad activities and his troops have a reputation for violating human

rights. It was the unsavory army presence in and around Sesori that caused this month's preliminary talks in Panama to founder, dooming them.

Duarte proclaimed that he would be waiting in Sesori on September 19 whether or not the rebels showed. He indeed is prepared to negotiate the surrender of the guerrillas, but has little inclination or political space to negotiate anything else. The powerful rightist business sector and the military have said they would support dialog provided that it stay "within the limits of the constitution." That condition rules out the main rebel demand—formation of a coalition government in which they could participate.

The right, the military and the U.S. all believe in a military solution and see little need to negotiate. Despite most people's desire for peace, the war seems destined to drag on.

—Chris Norton

Columbia River salmon: off and running

Salmon runs on the Columbia River this season are the biggest they've been in 20 years. And since the upturn has been developing for a couple of years, biologists believe it will continue.

The trend is especially important to the Indian tribes of Washington, Oregon and Idaho—such as the Yakima, Nez Perce, Warm Springs, and Umatilla Indians—because they depend on the salmon for their material and spiritual well-being. These tribes eat the fish, sell them commercially, and use them in religious ceremonies.

Before 1983, salmon runs on the Columbia had been getting smaller and smaller, to the point, says 64-year-old Warm Springs Indian Delbert Frank, "where we were almost down to nothing."

Despite the tribes' 1855 treaty with Washington Territory Governor Isaac Stevens, which promised that "the Indian will be allowed to take fish...at the usual fishing places, and this promise will be kept by the Americans for as long as the sun shines, as long as the mountains stand, and as long as the rivers run," Indian fishing rights have been largely ignored throughout this century. Dam after dam went

up on the Columbia, and the number of young salmon surviving the voyage downriver declined drastically. At the same time, non-Indians along the river and commercial ocean fishing companies claimed a larger portion of the salmon population.

Change finally came in the late '60s and early '70s with a couple of federal court decisions in the Indians' favor. These decisions held that the tribes had the right to 50 percent of the Columbia salmon catch along certain parts of the river, and that they were entitled to their own biologists.

Working with the states of Washington and Oregon, the Indians got the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to change its dam design and to improve fish ladders, so more salmon could make it past the dams. The tribes also began trucking some of the fish past the dams. In this way, more young fish reached the ocean to mature, and more of the mature ones returned upriver to spawn.

The new cooperation and concern for salmon survival has not, however, completely erased old attitudes among non-Indians towards the Indians' fishing rights. In 1983, a mysterious decline in the Chinook salmon run was

blamed by many in the Northwest on Indian overfishing. "That was unjust," says Jean Edwards, head harvest biologist for the Columbia River Inter-Tribal Fish Commission in Portland. Water analysis showed that the decline was probably due to fluoride pollution from aluminum smelters along the river.

Suspicion of Indian overfishing also led to the federal "salmon-scam" operation of 1982 and the indictment of 19 Indians for allegedly violating tribal and state fishing laws. Five of the 19 were convicted and sentenced to as many as five years in federal prison. The case—which has become a *cause célèbre* in the Northwest—is being challenged by the Yakima as a violation of tribal sovereignty.

Still, environmental and political progress has been made. "Today we're happy—and so are the sportsmen on the river and the people in Alaska and Canada," says Delbert Frank. Next year the tribes plan to expand and begin applying the same management techniques to the river's tributaries. "That way," Frank explains, "in the long run we'll be assured of getting more fish." —Jeremy Solomon

By David Moberg

FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS THE EPIC battle between United Food and Commercial Workers Local P-9 and the Hormel meatpacking firm in Austin, Minn., has captured the labor movement's attention. But the parallel conflict between the local and the international union has often been as heated and acrimonious, dividing many in unions and on the left who might otherwise be allies.

Now the strike that started in August 1985 and was called to a halt last May when the international took control of the local has concluded with a ratified contract. But the legal and intra-union warfare continue. And the labor movement remains divided over the dispute's lessons.

Throughout the early '80s, the pork meatpacking industry underwent constant turmoil. Many firms tried to survive by cutting wages, benefits and working conditions. Despite an official policy against concessions, strikes by one-fourth of all union packinghouse workers and a willingness to accept the shutdown of 51 packing houses, the international union could not—or did not—successfully stop concessions in a bargaining climate as rough as that faced by any major industry.

The union's response was neither a complete capitulation to employer pressures, as critics would have it, nor was it a consistent, militant defense of a master contract and standard wage, as the international maintains. Despite constitutional powers to block any substandard contract that threatened other workers' contracts, the international accepted many deep concessions, while arguing and striking against others. Overall, it eventually adopted a policy of "controlled retrenchment" or "retreat," offering concessions of \$2 to \$3 an hour at many companies that had been paying the \$10.69 rate of the best agreements. Union strategists hoped that would forestall collapse of wages to the level of \$6 an hour.

In 1984 most local contracts expired at Hormel, one of the most profitable pork packers. Contrary to official policy, in the spring of that year, the Ottumwa, Iowa, local received permission to negotiate mid-term concessions. During the summer the remaining locals discussed wage negotiations that would come to a head by September with a possible strike after three years of a wage freeze.

The Austin local, which represented nearly half the company's capacity and worked in the industry's most modern plant, was in a peculiar situation. The plant had long been an outpost of corporate paternalism in a prosperous, one-company, small town. But in recent years the local had granted many concessions, including forced contribution of wages to build the new plant, even though employment continued to dwindle. It had also agreed to a no-strike, long-term contract that was part of a bundle of complex local agreements.

In 1983 a new leadership long critical of concessions, including president Jim Guyette, won control of the local. Guyette disagreed with controlled retrenchment, and in a series of exchanges and meetings in the summer of 1984—all still heatedly debated—the Austin local and the remaining Hormel locals went separate ways. The international claims that Austin simply wanted to go off on its own, but the record seems at the least far fuzzier than that. Guyette insists that P-9 was ultimately excluded by the international so that it could negotiate its controlled retrenchment. (Other Hormel workers' wages were cut to \$9, to rise in a year to \$10.) The break-up of the loosely linked chain was unfortunate, but it seems wrong to blame P-9 alone for that.

When the company imposed deep unilateral wage and benefit cuts in Austin, the local filed a grievance. The arbitrator ruled against the local, concluding that a "meet-too" clause gave the company the right to follow cuts made at other major packers. The local claimed that language guaranteeing no cuts in rates in the summary of the 1981 agreement was never put in the final

contract; the international said it applied in any case only to cost of living adjustments. Meanwhile, the local had retained Corporate Campaign, Inc., founded by one-time union organizer Ray Rogers, to help them fight Hormel with attacks on a bank linked to Hormel and a general mobilization of workers, their families and supporters elsewhere.

Striking enthusiasm

Although the international opposed hiring Corporate Campaign and the local's strategy, it eventually granted sanction of a strike in August 1985. Despite the international's repeated efforts to mobilize opposition to Guyette within the local, the local leaders' proposals were overwhelmingly approved in numerous votes. It was not a typical strike: families and allies both in the community and far away were given tasks; strikers drummed up support in nearby cities and in Hormel plants around the country; intensive fund-raising brought in nearly \$1 million to support the strike. In December strikers rejected a mediated pact.

Then in January the company recruited strikebreakers, who at first were hampered by pickets and nonviolent civil disobedience but eventually were brought through the lines by the National Guard. Without

giers for "criminal syndicalism" (later dropped) and inciting to riot (based on Guyette's role in publicizing the strike in an incredible ongoing assault on First Amendment rights). Then in May in an unprecedented move, the international ordered the local to stop the strike; a few weeks later it imposed a trusteeship.

The battle continued as the international sued former P-9 leaders and attempted to collect \$1.2 million in strike benefits from the local. Meanwhile, the local sued the international for \$13 million in damages. This past summer a group of seven strikers founded the North American Meatpackers Union (NAMPU) and filed a petition to recertify the union at Austin as a first step in attempting to recruit other UFCW meatpacking locals to join a new union.

By a two-to-one margin, Austin workers in and out of the plant voted this month to accept a new contract that will raise wages by 1988 to \$10.70 from the present \$10 over three years, returning to the previous high rate set in 1981. Remaining strikers were put on a preferential hiring list, but did not get their jobs restored. (Some locked-out Ottumwa workers who respected the roving pickets did get jobs restored through an arbitration decision the day after the contract was signed.)

An imposed two-tiered wage system will

P-9 STRIKE

Hormel settlement leaves unionists bitterly divided



P-9 strikers at Hormel plant gates earlier this year.

international approval—despite earlier indications it might be forthcoming—the local sent out roving pickets to try to shut down the Hormel chain. Despite some success, especially at Ottumwa, the effort fizzled as the international urged workers not to respect P-9's roving pickets. It also rebuked P-9's call for a boycott.

Eventually about 550 newly hired strikebreakers were joined by about 460 strikers who crossed picket lines, according to management. There were many arrests, including charges against Guyette and Ro-

be phased out, yet special reimbursements to workers who financed the new plant were cut off. A common expiration date was put off again, since the Austin contract runs for four years, the others for three (and Ottumwa is still separate). But many company-imposed work-rules that weaken the local union remain intact.

A sellout?

Guyette and Rogers denounce the new contract as a "sellout," and Guyette says it is inferior to other Hormel contracts and to

The contract will raise wages by 1988 to \$10.70 from the present \$10 over three years, returning to the previous high set in 1981.

earlier rejected company proposals. On the other hand, UFCW Packinghouse Division Director Lewie Anderson says, "The contract settlement under the circumstances is excellent in economic terms. It goes a long way to recapturing wages lost. Unfortunately the destruction leveled over the last couple of years precluded us from using the total strength we might have used if the P-9 situation hadn't occurred.... If we'd had to strike, it was clear we couldn't have used the Austin plant."

Even P-9 critics applaud the strikers' determination, ingenuity and creative organizing efforts. "There were many things done in Austin that were good in terms of organizing people, involving spouses, the 'adopt-a-family' support," Anderson says. "Those ought to be put in place in other struggles. But it gets down to the fact that you have to struggle correctly.... What works best is a chain operation, national rates and working together. You work individually, and you kill yourself in this industry."

The UFCW has circulated widely among labor officials and the media a position paper written by Lance Compa, the Washington legislative representative of the United Electrical Workers (UE) and a labor writer known for his advocacy of combative unionism. He argues that industrial un-

ionism, with its aim of standardized conditions of employment to take wages out of competition, is the most important achievement of the labor movement.

Compa contrasts that with what he calls "enterprise-based unionism, where a single local works out the best deal possible from local plant management." "The push for enterprise unionism and the efforts of genuine trade unionists to preserve industrial unionism is the real crisis in the labor movement today," he wrote. "Any local

Continued on page 6

Continued from preceding page

union's strike or other battle against concessions must take into account the higher imperative of saving industrial unionism." He argues that the P-9 struggle was enterprise-based unionism and thus fatally flawed no matter how militant its workers were.

But Compa distorts a complex situation by forcing it into procrustean categories and taking a mechanically ahistorical approach. He exaggerates the extent to which there was any industry-wide standard. Despite the international union's laudable aspirations to recreate a national wage standard, there was wide dispersion in the industry, much of which persists even today despite progress in the past year toward restoring lost wages.

What was the best way to re-establish the pattern? P-9 argued that it made no sense to make concessions at the most profitable company and plant—a position in line with the international's stated principles and with the dominant view throughout the labor movement.

It is certainly possible to paint some of P-9's actions as enterprise-oriented, but the local was also determined to fight concessions generally in the industry—holding the line at the strongest companies while bringing up the bottom ranks. (The international had counterposed a strategy of bringing up the bottom with an organizing campaign directed at Conagra, former Armour plants that went non-union at low wages, but for various reasons that campaign has gone

nowhere.) If the international had been able to modify its strategy it might have been able to harness the energy at P-9 even more to the industry's benefit.

Yet the P-9 effort was not pure enterprise unionism, and the international's actual practices were not unadulterated industrial unionism. Even the international in its retrenchment program negotiated many different levels of pay among or even within companies. Why is that industrial unionism, but drawing the line higher is not?

In any case, there is a significant difference between an instance in which a union fights to maintain a higher standard and cases of locals negotiating weaker agreements that undercut fellow workers by spurring wage competition. Industrial unionism is not threatened by pressures for an upward spiral in wages, but negotiating downward to a lower pattern contradicts the original purpose of creating a pattern.

It is possible the UFCW will end up with a national wage rate "a few years down the road," as Anderson predicts. Some slow progress has already been made. But it is a mistake to think that such a strategy is the only one consistent with industrial unionism. The "two-pronged" approach P-9 talked about would have been another possible route to restoring a semblance of wage parity.

Ultimately any advance of industrial unionism will require the kind of rank-and-file involvement, militancy, social awareness and varied tactics so evident in Austin. Unions must take advantage of that when

they can—even if it isn't the most opportune moment—to create new momentum. For example, the United Farm Workers was launched when Cesar Chavez threw his support behind an impromptu strike by Filipino workers even though he thought it was premature. Making history often requires such flexibility.

Solidarity

But shouldn't P-9 have stuck with the other locals? Certainly a unified approach would have worked better, but there were deep disagreements on strategy. There is a danger in advocating complete local autonomy, as P-9's lawsuit does, since that can be used by locals to undermine wage standards in an industry as much as to permit new militancy. Yet the answer is not simply iron discipline from on top either. Union leaders must be able to persuade their members that their course is right. If members persist in their demands, however, the union—if it is to be a democratic, representative institution—must respond and adapt. The international leadership consistently underestimated the determination of the local's members despite their repeated votes of support for Guyette.

In any case, when relations between a local and international reach the disastrous level they did with the UFCW and P-9, the international bears a disproportionate burden of blame even if the local is not faultless as a corollary of its claim to leadership. Although some labor strategists defend the emergence of NAMPU which Guyette now

supports, as a necessary part of a convulsion to revitalize labor, such a movement is a symptom of the continuing failure of union democratic mechanisms. Rivalries of competing unions can keep union leaders on their toes and work well in the European context, but in the current U.S. legal and political climate, they are not desirable.

Management ultimately benefits from the bitter name-calling that went on between the local, Rogers and the international and from such tactics as P-9 members spreading attacks on the UFCW at other organizing drives. Debate within the union is preferable to splinter efforts, but there must be ample room for meaningful debate that includes even the lowliest of members.

Many left union officials defend the need for discipline, and they fear, as much as their conservative counterparts, the disruptive potential of outside organizers, such as Ray Rogers. They see P-9 as just another rogue local. But it is curious that the UFCW undertook such a massive and extremely harsh campaign against this local, while at the same time it failed to enforce its own orders to many other locals that granted concessions in defiance of the international.

Which was the greater sin? The earlier failure to enforce discipline led to the P-9 dispute. Discipline, like solidarity, is important for unions, but both are also easily abused appeals that can be used to stifle rank-and-file creativity.

P-9 mistakes

P-9 made its own share of critical mistakes. It undertook grandiose bargaining objectives that it often could not make clear—even to those who were sympathetic. It had a tough battle ahead simply attempting to hold what it had, but it chose to make overly ambitious demands and open up topics that ultimately backfired against it. Perhaps even more serious, it kept workers out on strike when it became clear that the company could and would bring in strikebreakers.

Even when the national guard sealed the strike's fate, the local persisted. Instead it should have taken workers back into the plant, carried on disruptive activities there, and eventually joined other Hormel locals this fall in a combined strike if necessary. It was a disastrous miscalculation by the local, made despite the advice of many close supporters.

There is some truth in the criticism that P-9 thought it could do everything on its own, including revitalizing the whole labor movement. Rogers in particular let his own enthusiasm, optimism and ambition overwhelm any more sober calculation. Without audacity, little is likely to be accomplished, and the labor movement could do with more audaciousness. But Rogers tended to assume that every encouraging sign meant victory was just around the corner, and he overestimated the effectiveness of most of his tactics, ingenious as they were.

Although he used his attacks on First Bank to build worker involvement and community awareness, when Rogers first undertook that campaign he portrayed it as having much greater potential for hurting Hormel. Critics such as Compa and the UFCW leaders are correct in saying that "total victory or total defeat" is a misguided standard for a labor dispute that inevitably ends in a compromise—for slightly better or slightly worse.

Could P-9 have won? Rogers insists that only the international's opposition saved Hormel. The UFCW's actions against P-9 must have heartened the company and weakened the local, yet the battle would not have been easy even with international support. But unions and others around the country showed remarkable support for the strikers, despite the active opposition of many national union leaders.

"The main lesson I draw is that there's an awful lot of untapped militant sentiment and a willingness to respond," said former union leader Tony Mazzochi, now with the Labor Institute in New York. "Regardless of how one feels about the strike or local or the international's position, that one lesson means there would be a lot of support for a different agenda from the labor movement."

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POLITICS

Black election numbers game

By Salim Muwakkil

THE UPCOMING NOVEMBER ELECTIONS are expected to increase the number of blacks serving in the House of Representatives by at least two, and perhaps by as much as four.

Those with the best chances of capturing House seats are John Lewis of Georgia's 5th District and Floyd Flake of New York's 6th. Kwesi Mfumi, who is running against black Republican St. George Crosse for the seat in Maryland's 7th District vacated by Parren Mitchell, also stands a fair chance of emerging victorious, as does Mississippi Democrat Mike Espy, who is running against Republican incumbent Webb Franklin in that state's 2nd District.

In Virginia State Senator Robert Scott is running neck-in-neck with Herbert Bateman, the Republican incumbent in that state's 1st District. Other hopefuls are Faye Williams, from Louisiana's 8th District and Republican Ron Crutcher in Ohio's 3rd. Although Crutcher is black, his white Democratic opponent, Anthony Hall, is supported by the state's black caucus.

A record number of 77 black candidates ran for Congressional seats in 1986, more than twice the number that ran in 1982. But many of those candidates ran in the same district. For example, 10 candidates ran in the Democratic primary for Maryland's 7th District seat, and five ran in Georgia's 5th District primary. Twenty-seven candidates survived the primaries, 24 Democrats and three Republicans.

The 21 blacks now in the 435-member legislative body represent about 4.5 percent of the total and the anticipated increases will add, at most, about one percentage point. While African-Americans represent about 12 percent of the U.S. population, their congressional strength remains less than half that. And, as low as that percentage seems it is still considerably higher than the percentage of blacks in all other levels of elective governments.

The Senate has no black members. Nor are there any black governors. Tom Bradley, mayor of Los Angeles and William Lucas, the black executive of Wayne County in Michigan are both running for governor of their respective states, but neither is expected to win.

Few white votes

According to a recent survey conducted by the Joint Center for Political Studies, blacks held 6,424, or about 1.4 percent, of the nation's approximately 490,000 elective offices at the end of last year. And although that figure is a 6.1 percent increase from previous years, the rate of gain is slowing dramatically. From 1965 (the year the Voting Rights Act was implemented) to 1976, the annual increase of black elected officials averaged 18 percent.

The numbers grew rapidly because blacks—protected from discriminatory practices by the new civil rights legislation—began winning offices, primarily in communities with black majorities from which they were formerly excluded. In 1964, for example, there were only 103 black elected officials in the entire nation. The rate began declining when blacks, after having won most of the available offices in areas with large black majorities, began seeking offices in integrated districts.

Yet whites remain largely unwilling to vote for blacks running against whites. While districts with black majorities have increasingly elected black candidates, districts with white majorities, with very few exceptions, have rejected them. "Further growth in the number of black elective officials is needed," said Eddie Williams, the president of the Joint Center, "and will depend on the ability of black candidates to



Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley is one of many blacks facing tough challenges this fall.

appeal to nonblack electorates."

Given the racial segregation that still characterizes most of this country's population distribution, and given the white electorate's continued reluctance to cast ballots for blacks, it seems apparent that black political candidates have to cultivate interracial coalitions to increase their electability. The Rev. Jesse Jackson was one of the first to acknowledge this demographic reality and his National Rainbow Coalition (NRC) has been the major actor in this new area of electoral struggle. Accordingly, the NRC is courting political constituencies well beyond the traditional range of black candidates and is seeking to influence elections that seemingly have no direct relevance to what is generally thought of as black issues. NRC spokesman Frank Watkins says the group is concentrating on Senate races (where there are no black candidates) as intently as on House contests.

"We've been approached by Lieutenant Governor Harriett Woods for help in her Missouri Senate race against Governor Christopher Bond," Watkins revealed. Woods is running for the seat left open by

Senator Thomas Eagleton's retirement, and although she narrowly missed picking up the state's other Senate seat in 1982, most observers consider Bond the frontrunner. Republicans see Missouri as one of two states offering them a good opportunity for a Senate gain. The other is Louisiana, where Republican Rep. W. Henson Moore is leading the pack for the seat of Russell Long, the retiring Democratic senator.

"The Senate races are as important as those in the House," Watkins said. "If we can help end Republican control of the Senate, we can put the brakes on Reagan's dangerous right-wing agenda. And that is our highest political priority at the present

time." He said other candidates for Senate seats have also contacted the NRC for assistance but he refused to name them. Watkins traces the recent spurt of electoral activity to Jackson's presidential run in 1984, and he predicts the gains will increase. But he's not at all sanguine about the prospects for "parity" in the electoral system. The recent gains must be placed in context, he said. "Black Americans are about 40,000 to 45,000 offices short of parity."

Two "firsts" in 1985 were pointed out by the Joint Center's survey on black's political gains: the election of L. Douglas Wilder as lieutenant governor in Virginia, the first time since Reconstruction that a black won a major statewide office in the South, and the election of Alyce Clark to the Mississippi legislature, the first time a black woman has won such an office in that state.

The center's report said Mississippi had the most black elected officials with 521; followed by Louisiana 488; Illinois 426; Georgia 417; Alabama 403; South Carolina 329; Arkansas 315; Michigan 314; California 287; and Texas 281. North Dakota, Idaho, New Hampshire and Montana had no black elected officials. At the state level, blacks hold a mere four elected administrative jobs, 92 Senate seats and 304 House seats. At the county level, there is only one African-American in an elected executive seat, yet blacks hold 596 seats on governing bodies and 84 other official posts.

In cities there are 289 black mayors, 2,396 blacks on city councils and municipal governing boards, 236 on advisory commissions and 118 in other elected positions. In law enforcement and judicial posts, blacks hold eight elected seats on the highest state courts, 366 other elective judgeships, 233 positions as magistrates, justices of the peace and constables, 28 other judicial offices and 41 elected sheriff, police chief and marshal jobs.

Williams and others who study black political issues believe that not enough emphasis is being placed on gaining seats in state legislatures. The 396 black members currently serving represent a two-year growth of just 3 percent. Williams said both national parties are particularly concerned with state legislatures and are pouring money into races for state House seats.

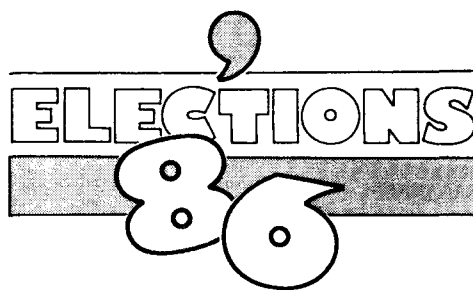
Two things are at stake: the ability to redraw Congressional and legislative districts and to build the parties at local, grass-roots levels. Since most black legislators are Democrats, and since Republicans are making large strides on the state level, the struggle for state House representation is of great importance to blacks, Williams added.

So what?

Although electoral politics has been heavily emphasized by black leadership, there remains little correlation between the increase of black representation and improvements in most blacks' socioeconomic status. While there's been some growth of a small, black middle-class during the years of the greatest electoral increases, the vast majority of the black population actually has lost ground. This may seem contradictory, but it conforms to a pattern easily discerned in the history of U.S. immigrant groups.

Irish-Americans are the most politically successful of all American ethnic groups, yet they had the slowest economic rise of all European immigrant populations. Other groups rose from poverty to prosperity much more rapidly, though none enjoyed the political success nor affected the political cohesion of Irish-Americans. For African-Americans, political success has been limited by whites' unwillingness to vote for blacks running against whites—something with which other ethnic groups seldom had to cope.

And unlike all other ethnic groups, blacks were involuntarily immigrants who arrived in the New World without an intact culture or social support system to help ease their assimilation. Still, electoral politics rates high on most black organizations' agendas concerned with improving the conditions of black Americans. And the upcoming November elections will advance the cause, even if slightly. ■



By Joan Walsh

SAN FRANCISCO

MOTHER JONES MAGAZINE'S skill at self-promotion has long been the envy of its left-press colleagues, but their latest media spectacle was no publicity stunt. There was editor Michael Moore on the steps of San Francisco's City Hall on September 10—flanked by his somber lawyer, a few friends and a half-dozen reporters—charging he'd been ousted as editor in a political dispute. He's suing the magazine for \$2 million for fraud and wrongful termination.

The story's outlines are now familiar to media-philies: Moore claims he was fired by *Mother Jones*' benefactor and board chairman Adam Hochschild for refusing to run an article criticizing Nicaragua's Sandinista government, and for not backing the firing of a former member of the Democratic Workers Party who was allegedly dismissed for his political beliefs. "I would not run lies on Nicaragua, and I was too pro-union for the management team," Moore told the press conference.

Some reporters didn't quite get it: a guy gets hired, management doesn't like the way he runs the magazine, the guy gets fired. Happens all the time. Where's the politics in that? Moore tried to clarify. "Just let me read a few lines from this piece," he said, pulling out Paul Berman's controversial story on Nicaragua. He read first about the dominance of "Leninist doctrine" on the Sandinista directorate, then an assertion that some workers in Managua are poorer than they were under Somoza, and finally a reference to "a handful of (Sandinista-sponsored) disappearings." Berman's piece was well-written and "disarming," Moore acknowledged. "But experts on Nicaragua say he's wrong. And I was hired to know these things."

Nearby stood a group of former *Mother Jones* employees who had turned out to support Moore. One had reportedly quit to protest the editor's firing. But when questioned, he said: "Michael's firing precipitated my leaving, but I wasn't privy to all the details. I'd like to cop the plea that I just worked there." If none of the ex-staffers could confirm Moore's charge that his firing was "political," they emphatically backed his claim that he was their union's lone friend across the management divide.

The press conference ended. A few transplanted Michiganders from Moore's days at the *Michigan Voice* wandered by to show support. Moore thanked them for coming. The reporters drifted away to file their stories, while everybody else went back to work. Moore was left alone to figure out what to do with the rest of the afternoon—and the rest of his life.

Westward, ha!

No matter how the facts are stacked, Moore got a nasty shake from *Mother Jones*. He closed up the *Michigan Voice*, of which he had been editor, while companion Kathleen Glynn folded her graphics business and endured a custody proceeding to bring her five-year-old daughter Natalie to San Francisco. According to Moore, Hochschild is guilty of fraud in luring him West to edit the magazine. "Because it turned out I wasn't the editor; Adam's the editor," he says.

At the *Mother Jones* office on Mission Street, the view is different. There, Moore's departure is blamed on incessant clashes over work habits and personal style. Politics is rarely mentioned. Staffers draw a portrait of a well-meaning guy in over his head, whose pride—some say arrogance—turned professional disagreements into conflagrations. In their view, the story is one of a more mundane rift between Moore and other managers and editors—an office melodrama with a predictably unhappy ending.

Why was Moore's firing such big news in the first place? From *The Nation* and *Village Voice* to all the Bay Area print and electronic media, the *Mother Jones* shakeup got big play. One reason was *Mother Jones*'

own doing: it had introduced its new editor last spring with much fanfare. He had "come out" at its 10th anniversary party in June—a debut preceded and followed by a cross-country media blitz. If joining the *Mother Jones* team is such a big deal, then it follows that a precipitous exit is equally newsworthy. Especially if that exit takes place less than five months later.

The initial hype had perhaps obscured an obvious question about Moore's hiring: why was this 32-year-old, working-class editor of a 9,000-circulation monthly in Michigan picked to run the slickest, largest circulation political magazine in the country? In speeches and interviews, Moore had said he felt his mission was "to scrape the Teflon off Ronald Reagan's presidency," and "to restore *Mother Jones* to its shit-kicking, muckraking roots."

Mother Jones, which had long suffered from political and editorial drift, apparently couldn't find a better qualified, politically acceptable person in its year-long job search after Executive Editor Deirdre English stepped down. The magazine first offered Moore's job to his publishing antithesis, former *New Republic* editor Henrik Hertzberg, who turned down the offer. Hertzberg, an East Coast intellectual, just left of liberal, couldn't contrast more sharp-

ly with Moore. Moore, the son of an auto worker, brags that he never finished college, and proclaims, "If Reagan says he's a contra, then the left has to be willing to say that we're Sandinistas."

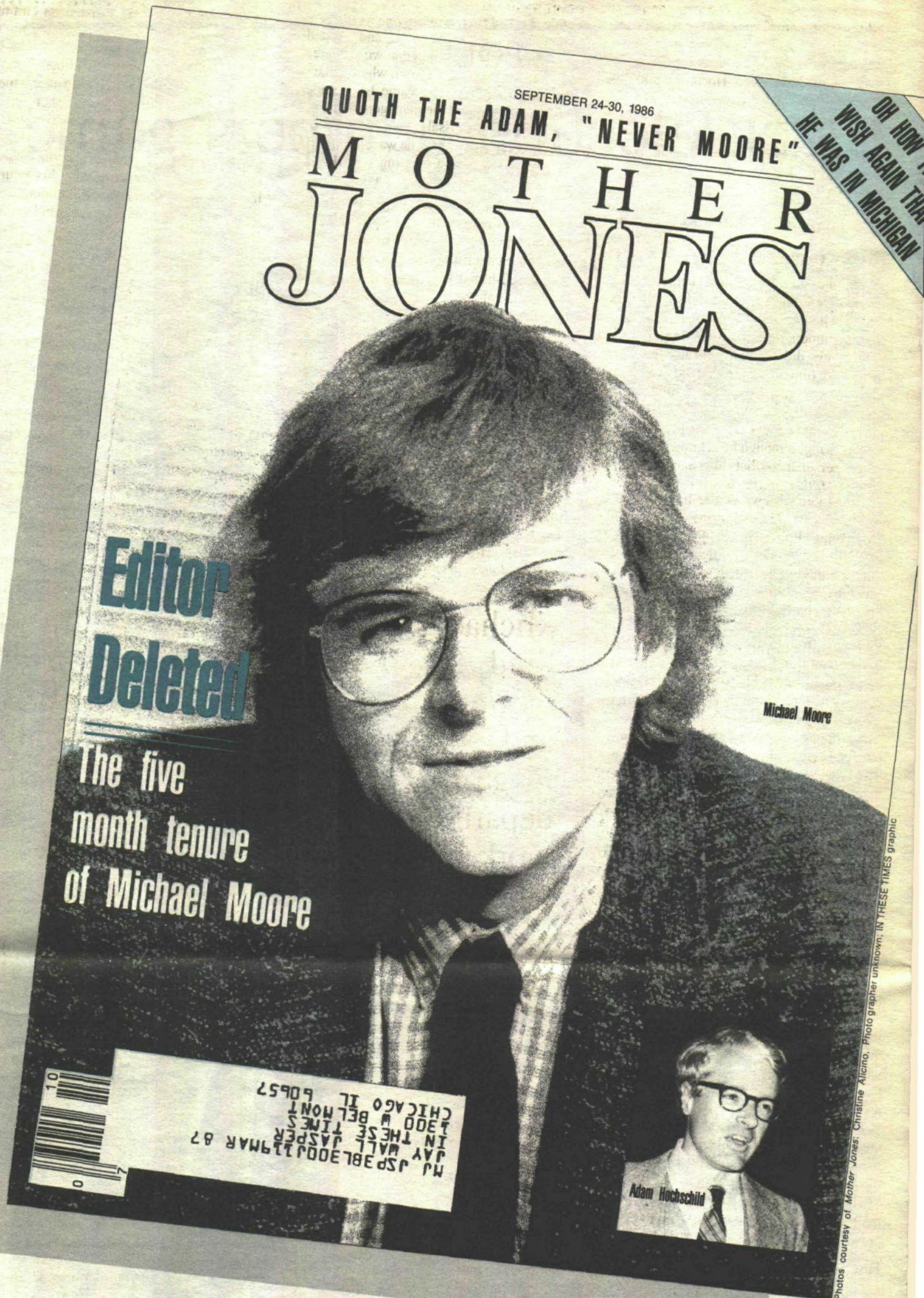
Hertzberg himself was an odd choice at the time, since *Mother Jones* was considering a change of course to emphasize its mass appeal and lighten its intellectual and political heaviness (and reverse its circulation decline). Some schizoid-seeming information was being disseminated on Mission Street last year: new publisher Don Hazen, for instance, was quoted as wanting to make the magazine the property of its activist readers—like union members and the anti-intervention community—yet also hoping to appeal to professionals who don't consider themselves political. Hertzberg was likely to do neither. The magazine flirted with a name change; *MJ*, *Modern Times* and *Pulse* were among the options considered. It even commissioned a prototype of a radical redesign that emphasized lifestyle concerns over social perplexities (featuring a cover on middlebrow sex celebrity Dr. Ruth Westheimer). But such drastic changes were ruled out before Moore took the magazine's helm.

Those deliberations, however, are crucial to explaining the political tenor of the cur-

rent controversy. For months rumors circulated that what remained of hard-hitting journalism in *Mother Jones* would be sacrificed to make it a mass-appeal, *People* magazine of the left. Moore's firing could seem like the long-awaited proof that the magazine's politics were gutted in favor of high-circulation solvency and the journalism of '80s self-satisfaction.

At least that's how Moore sees it. "Adam hired me to take the magazine in a new direction, and then he got cold feet," he says. Moore is comfortable with adversity, accustomed to vendettas and proud of the enemies he's made. At the age of 18, he won a seat on the Davison, Mi. school board, making him the youngest elected official in Michigan. Later he faced—and survived—a recall election after being charged with subversive acts like siding with the teachers' union during a strike and proposing that a local high school be named after Martin Luther King, Jr.

He went on in 1976 to found the *Flint* (turned *Michigan*) *Voice*, a publication that never went the futon-and-croissant route of the rest of the alternative press. As Moore tells it, Adam Hochschild began courting him years ago, contacting him about *Mother Jones*' job openings from publisher to managing editor. When the executive



editor slot came open, Moore says he applied with a list of complaints about *Mother Jones* and story ideas for the future that should have cued Hochschild to his intentions. No more cover stories like the one the magazine ran on Young Joe Kennedy. Moore planned special issues on the Palestinians, exposés of Dow Chemical and a series on "A Day in the Life of Reagan's America," showing the failings of capitalism and Reaganomics." After a series of interviews, he got the job.

Rocky road

From the start he clashed with outgoing Executive Editor Deirdre English. When he laid out his criticisms of *Mother Jones*' past at an introductory staff meeting, English apparently didn't appreciate his frankness and told him in anger that he was hired only because "everyone was tired of the process and Adam was leaving for a ski trip." Moore believes that she played a role in his firing, although he acknowledges that other personal conflicts also marked his tenure at *Mother Jones*.

In Moore's view, all the battles have a political cast. He claims he clashed with Managing Editor Bruce Dancis because Dancis is "an anti-Communist, who told me the day we met that he's never seen a socialist revolution that worked." Then, he clashed with Publisher Don Hazen not only over Hazen's ambitions for editorial control but also over his apparent disrespect for the staff union. It's harder to put a political interpretation on his differences with Art Director Louise Kollenbaum, whom he says resisted his ideas about graphic redesign for the magazine.

All of those personal and political themes came together, Moore believes, in two incidents: Hochschild's insistence that he run Berman's Nicaragua piece, and the firing of advertising representative Richard Schauffler, an ex-Democratic Workers Party (DWP) member. The Berman piece, assigned last year under English's tenure, was on a list of several "must-run" articles when Moore arrived. Although he found the piece well-written and backed its anti-intervention conclusions, he thought it was too critical of the Sandinistas.

"I told Berman that I liked a lot of the piece, but I thought the word 'Leninist' had a specific meaning under Ronald Reagan in 1986. I don't want Reagan to be able to say, 'Look, even *Mother Jones* says the Sandinistas are Leninists.'"

A Berman rewrite failed to assuage his concerns, but Hochschild insisted that the piece run. So Moore announced his plan to run it preceded by an editor's disclaimer questioning its accuracy and its political slant, and followed by a rejoinder written by *The Nation*'s columnist—and Berman foe—Alexander Cockburn, who also writes a bi-weekly column for *In These Times*.

In the Schauffler case, the nine-year DWP member was fired two days after being hired when managers found out that Synthesis Publications, which Schauffler had worked for, was the DWP's publishing arm. Schauffler says publisher Hazen told him his release was due to his past political affiliations—an admission not only questionable ethically but also illegal under California law.

The precipitous firing can be explained, though not justified, by the alarm with which many Bay Area left groups view the DWP. Writing in the *Guardian*, John Trinkl outlined how the sect, which some liken to a cult, disrupted a roster of left-wing health organizing efforts, from Healthpac in 1976 to AFSCME and SEIU union efforts more recently. The group was also accused of disrupting the West Coast efforts of NACLA and California's Peace and Freedom Party. Until the DWP disintegrated earlier this year, left groups who discovered its members among their ranks reacted as if they'd contracted the political equivalent of crabs.

Mother Jones' managers argue that Schauffler's past affiliations affected his job qualifications, since the left groups and publishers he was hired to work with would likely be repelled by his political past.

Responds UAW District 65 rep Mary Anne Massenberg: "They had nothing tan-

gible. I asked first, how anyone would even know about Richard's past, and second, how they could prove anyone would care." Moore, who was out of town when Schauffler was fired, says he came back under pressure to "support the management team" and back the dismissal.

In the end, Moore says he was summoned on September 2 to a meeting with Hochschild, and was told, "This is a crisis situation, and you've created the crisis." In describing his reasons for dismissing Moore, Hochschild reportedly listed the Berman article, the Schauffler firing, Moore's clashes with English and Kollenbaum, as well as the quality of the writing he had solicited for the magazine. Hochschild offered Moore a severance settlement that was eventually upped to \$50,000, to which Moore says he responded: "You can write a check for \$500,000, Adam, but I'm not going to keep silent. You should know me better than that."

Class warfare

To Alexander Cockburn, writing in *The Nation* and for syndication in the alternative press, Moore's firing was class warfare—the wealthy Hochschild battling the working-class Moore—and further proof of *Mother Jones*' abominable liberalism. "I

missed deadlines. "He insisted on cutting our lead time to make the magazine more topical, but he didn't have the patience to wait and formally move deadlines," says one. And he clashed with Hazen over issues of style and substance. The publisher makes no secret of wanting some input to editorial decisions, which Moore fought. And Hazen has had problems with the union, which has filed four grievances during his tenure, including a National Labor Relations Board complaint. Although Hazen downplays the labor conflicts, Moore openly supported the union in each case.

In the end, for their own reasons, Dancis, Hazen and Kollenbaum brought their complaints to Hochschild, each effectively saying: "It's Michael or me." Hochschild returned from vacation and dismissed his combative editor.

Political sub-text

Although Hochschild and other *Mother Jones* managers prefer to insist that politics played no role in Moore's firing, there is a political dimension to the five-month struggle. Dancis will only say: "Michael is witty, glib and a good, punchy speaker. People liked his talk about returning *Mother Jones* to its muckraking days. But as time went on it became apparent that he did not have

Michael Moore, who claims that he was fired for political reasons, is suing *Mother Jones* for \$2 million for fraud and wrongful termination. But the magazine's management blames his departure on incessant clashes over work habits and personal style.

think Moore was fired because, as he says, he 'did not want to print lies about Nicaragua,' and because it turned out that the working-class boy from Flint had ideas of his own. This was never the game plan of the rich boy from San Francisco." The Schauffler episode, Cockburn noted, was despicable yet predictable, since "it was precisely at liberal publications like *Mother Jones* that techniques of witch-hunting were originally perfected."

But Paul Berman, writing about Moore's firing in the *Village Voice*, saw Cockburn's hand in the debacle. Although Berman's piece was self-serving and condescending to Moore, he made a convincing case that Moore had unwittingly stumbled into the years-long Berman-Cockburn feud, and that Moore's starstruck friendship with *The Nation* columnist had hardened his line on the Nicaragua piece.

At *Mother Jones*, neither Cockburn's nor Berman's account is considered the full picture, although the Berman version is endorsed. Hochschild, for his part, denies Moore's claim that he was given editorial carte blanche. "I spelled out that I wanted to see what went into the magazine, and that there may be times, though rarely, that I would ask him to run or not to run something," Hochschild says.

He claims those prerogatives in a February 17 letter to Moore, but Moore denies he agreed to any such arrangement. Political differences, Hochschild insists, played no part in the firing. "Other problems got in the way to such an extent that we never really got to argue out any political disagreements." Moore's firing, he says, was strictly attributable to "disappointment with his performance and personnel problems."

Other staffers have filled in the details of those problems and disappointments. Moore was criticized for not having "grasped how to manage an institution larger than three people," said one editor. "At *Mother Jones*, you need to be able to juggle four issues at a time, and he couldn't do it. He wasn't making formal story assignments, he wasn't sending out contracts, he wasn't meeting deadlines."

Art and production staffers criticized his

a great deal of political sophistication."

Moore planned to banish features and lifestyle pieces from the magazine. Alice Walker's essay on Bob Marley, for instance, was judged a holdover from the English era and stonewalled, while the assembly-line musings of Moore's *Michigan Voice* colleague, Ben Hamper, got cover play.

And the Berman piece, although not the central issue Moore makes it, figures in the larger battle. It indicated that Moore would mute certain differences on the left within the magazine, and combat ideological divergence aggressively. As he put it himself: "Our government is at war with the Sandinistas, and is our response going to be, 'Oh, they shouldn't close *La Prensa* (the major opposition daily).' 'Oh, they shouldn't have told that bishop to leave.'? Jesus fucking Christ, there are people being killed there and I'm going to do all that's in my power to stop it."

Since his firing, Moore has made public other political differences with his former colleagues, claiming that a feature critical of "Yuppie left" hero Mario Cuomo was suppressed, and that other editors tried to squelch his plans for a special issue on the Palestinians.

Hochschild and others deny those charges. Says Senior Editor Bernard Ohanian: "There was never any reluctance to write about the Palestinians. (Former editor) David Talbot and I began planning more Mideast coverage months before Michael got here." But if specific political disputes were few, there was growing concern that Moore's leadership would narrow the magazine's scope.

Moore's real political flaw was his lack of strategic savvy. He acknowledges personal clashes with everyone he worked most closely with, and he admits that he did not court Hochschild for his backing on specific editorial endeavors. "Adam told me I was the editor," he says time and again.

But doesn't it make sense to Moore that there would be a testing period, during which he would have to win either his co-workers' trust or Hochschild's? As an unproven newcomer, how could he expect to survive having neither?

A victim

Michael Moore is a victim of many people, including himself. He's a victim of *Mother Jones*' shadowy management structure, created by Hochschild's failure to exercise the power—except in time of crisis—that his financial underwriting of the magazine gives him. Not wanting to take responsibility as editor or publisher, Hochschild has been an uneven presence at *Mother Jones*, absent for long periods during which no one is really in charge, then coming in when problems have reached the point of no return. Moore is not the first manager abruptly to leave the magazine in controversy, claiming a sneak attack at the hands of the well-liked Hochschild. Even staff unionization was in large measure a response to the sense that no one was in charge at *Mother Jones* and that employees were thwarted by the absence of someone to whom they were ultimately accountable.

That's why there's considerable staff support for Moore, and dissent about the way he was dismissed. "A lot of the staff disapproved of the firing, even people who disliked Michael," says a business department employee. "I think Michael is mistaken in saying it was a political dispute, but it's clear he was given no real warning."

Although Dancis says he brought his complaints to Moore "weekly," an ultimatum had to come from Hochschild, and by the time Hochschild returned from vacation, many people considered the situation unsalvageable.

Moore is also a victim of political drift at *Mother Jones*, a condition that generally afflicts the left today. The magazine set out to be the *Ramparts* of the '70s, a muckraking journal somewhat slicker and soberer than the genuine item. But it was born a mass circulation magazine for a mass movement—just when the movement was losing its mass.

Moore, of course, thought the answer to stemming its circulation decline was returning to the halcyon days of Pinto exposes and Dalkon Shield stories. But there he was a victim of *Mother Jones*' own self-promotion. If only those solid investigative stories had really sold the magazine at its circulation peak. In reality, *Mother Jones* owed its enviable readership to innovative, budget-busting, direct-mail campaigns. It was never able to retain the admiring political readers its journalistic successes should have earned it.

But Moore is also a victim of the left's endemic, vicious and useless infighting. His firing was a welcome opportunity for ideological vigilantes like Cockburn and longtime *Mother Jones* detractor (and former *Ramparts* editor) Warren Hinckle to trash the magazine. And Moore, in Berman's words, was encouraged to act as "suicide car bomber" and take *Mother Jones* down with him.

Cockburn insists that the Moore fracas should be the end of *Mother Jones*, at least on the left. After arguing this point for a long while on the phone one night, I gave him the courtesy of letting him know I'd be writing about him in this piece. He seemed surprised that I found the story more "complicated" than he'd presented it in his columns, warning me that "complicated" was usually an adjective that preceded a political "copout"—familiar wisdom to regular Cockburn readers.

He questioned, he cajoled, he attacked, and finally concluded, exasperated: "You're obviously going to write a balanced piece, and that's completely useless."

I was a little hurt. "I think there's something to be learned in presenting what both sides think happened, as well as what did."

"People can learn more from someone writing that someone did wrong, and here's what it is," he answered. "If the left can't confront this, to say that's a real crock of shit what's gone on there, then what's the meaning of the left? It just revolts me."

If the meaning of the left can be found anywhere in the Michael Moore story, that should revolt the rest of us. ■

PERSPECTIVE



Gen. Augusto Pinochet has ruled Chile for 13 years, ever since he led a coup in which President Salvador Allende was murdered.

Marcelo Montecino

Pinochet's bloody grip is slipping

By Paul Cantor

IN OCTOBER, 1973, ONE MONTH after the bloodiest coup d'état in Latin American history the official figure for how many people had been murdered in Chile was around 500. But the young soldier I was sitting with smiled when I told him that.

"There have been a great number of people killed, it is true," the soldier said, his smile disappearing. "I don't know how many but the number is very high." Unofficial estimates went as high as 30,000.

We were in a peasant's hut. To the west the hills that hid the seaside resort of Valparaíso rolled silently toward the sea. To the east lay the massive Andean mountain frontier, so immense and magnificent, that it made humans seem small and insignificant in comparison. To the north between the hills and the mountains wound the rich fertile farmland of the central valley. South, a half hour away by bus and hidden by smog, lay the heart of Santiago.

The soldier's job was to help guard one of the several radio antennas that stud the area just north of the city. In the weeks following the coup he had witnessed many shootings. Prisoners would be brought out to the gently undulating countryside that fringed the valley and machine gunned to death. Then their bodies would be taken away. The soldier didn't know where they were taken but he had heard stories. Down the dirt road that ran past the hut and across the Pan American highway lay a huge garbage dump.

No one bothered to list the names of many of those killed in the first few weeks following the coup. No one even bothered to count them. They were just "extremistas" and they were taken up to the hills or down by the river and shot. Afterward their families or friends or lovers would walk the streets of Santiago searching for their traces. Often you could see these searchers standing in lines outside government buildings like ghosts in a Kafkaesque nightmare, waiting to see someone who, please God, could tell them something about one particular person who disappeared sometime after September 11 and who hadn't been heard from since. They were just one of the symbols of how

things changed after Augusto Pinochet took power.

White paint was another. The walls of Santiago used to be covered with propaganda. Immediately after the coup, by order of the Junta, they were whitewashed. Then only around certain street corners, or in vacant lots, or along some country road did weathered paint fade with a revolutionary message into the side of a building or wall. There was at least one sign, however, that was newly painted even in those first bloody days after the coup. It was near one of the shantytowns that hug the edges of Santiago and someone risked his life to put it there. The sign read in big black letters, "ALLENDE LIVES."

Well-stocked stores were a third indication of how much things had changed in Chile soon after Salvador Allende's fall. When Allende was President the prices of food and other less essential but popular items were kept in the range of most people's income. So long lines and empty stores were the common denominator then. But when the Junta took over it freed prices from government controls. Within a month costs doubled, tripled, quadrupled and more. Bread went up from 11 escudos to 40 escudos a kilo, steak from 120 escudos to 700 and a pair of shoes from 1600 escudos to 8000. After the coup stores were full of merchandise but empty of people.

Fear, which hung in the air and punctuated every conversation with an absence of things said, was a fourth indication of the changes ushered in by the new regime. Many things contributed to this climate of the terror created by the military. Bodies shot once through the head or heart turned up regularly in Santiago. Other bodies, broken and scarred, piled up daily in the city morgue. Leaders of the shantytowns that fringe Chile's cities were arrested and tortured. The streets teemed with soldiers and armored vehicles. A curfew was imposed and late at night the sound of rifles firing shattered the stillness.

But this was by no means all. There were many other marks of the new regime that had ended democratic rule in Chile. Congress was abolished. The parties of the Unidad Popular or Popular Unity coa-

lition, which Allende had headed and which received 44 percent of the vote in the congressional elections five months before the coup were outlawed. "Subversive" literature was publicly burned. The popular protest music of Isabel Parra and Victor Jara—who was tortured and killed after the coup—was destroyed in music stores, record shops and private homes. The press was censored. The largest labor union in the country was dissolved. Military men replaced the chancellors of the universities and many schools were shut down. Thousands of workers were laid off work for their leftist sympathies. The names of shantytowns were changed by order of the military. The shantytown in the port city of Concepción, once known as Fidel Castro, had its name changed to General Baquedano. And the former Campamento Lenin was renamed Diego Portales after an authoritarian 19th century figure in Chilean politics.

The list is almost endless. Nothing, not even language, was overlooked by the Junta. A man on a bus I was riding scolded the driver for missing a stop. "Pardon me, *companionero*," said the driver. "*Companionero* no. Its '*caballero*' now," the man growled echoing the military's desire to, in Junta President General Pinochet's words, reestablish the "principle of authority."

That was the way it was in the first bloody weeks after Allende's overthrow. And that is the way it is today. The military Junta that seized power in 1973 is still at war with its own people. Even before the current state of siege, states of emergency have regularly been imposed and curfews

Now that opposition to the Chilean Junta's regime is growing rapidly, Reagan has shown interest in democratization

enforced, political prisoners tortured and killed. Shops are still full and bellies empty. The military still runs the universities. Political parties are still outlawed. In short, in order to maintain its grip on the country, the Junta continues to rely on terror.

But after 13 years there are many signs that Pinochet's grip is coming undone. First, strikes and protests supported by the entire spectrum of political parties with any legitimate claim to significant popular support in Chile have become larger and more frequent. The two-day strike July 2 and 3, was the largest and most successful in the 13 years since Pinochet took power and a clear signal that despite the terror people would no longer be quiescent. (Nevertheless, it was during this strike that soldiers severely beat 19-year-old Rodrigo Rojas and 18-year-old Carmen Quintana, doused them with a flammable liquid and set them afire. Quintana survived but Rojas died, one more victim of sadism and the attempt to maintain the climate of fear that has become a hallmark of Pinochet's rule.)

Second, the military is now divided. Jose Toribio Merino, the commander of the navy, and Fernando Matthei, the commander of the air force both called for a return to democratic rule before the assassination attempt on Pinochet early this month. Even within the army, which Pinochet heads and which is the key to his power, there have been signs of dissension. General Cesar Raul Benavides, for instance, was recently removed as the army's representative on the Junta after he suggested Pinochet consider stepping aside. And, among the rank and file many are now openly fearful of reprisals should they be found too far on the wrong side of the fence when the government collapses.

Third, the Communist Party, which before 1980 eschewed violence as a tactic for overthrowing the Junta has developed a military wing called the Manuel Rodríguez Patriotic Front, that has been responsible for several kidnappings, bombings and assassinations in recent months and appears to be growing in popularity as well as strength. If Chileans cannot oust the Pinochet regime peacefully a majority of them might well turn to the Communist Party for leadership. That is the U.S. government's greatest fear and the reason that the Reagan administration is threatening Pinochet that he may no longer be able to count on U.S. support.

The first sign that the Reagan administration's policy toward Chile was changing came last March when the U.S. sponsored a resolution condemning the Pinochet regime for human rights violations. More recently the Reagan administration has threatened to cut off U.S. support for nearly one billion dollars worth of loans from the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank. But threats and moral suasion will not be enough to move Augusto Pinochet who like his hero, Louis XIV, believes he is the embodiment of the state.

If the Reagan administration really wants a return to democratic rule in Chile, therefore, it should immediately call upon all multilateral lending institutions to suspend consideration of loans to Chile until its human rights record improves and basic freedoms are restored. Furthermore, until these first steps toward democracy are taken it should restrict the flow of goods and services to Chile through a trade embargo or other measures and it should refuse to include Chile in regional military exercises, train Chilean military personnel in U.S. academies, and sell weapons to the Chilean armed services. ■

Paul Cantor was a freelance reporter in Chile in the early 1970's. He is now a professor of economics at the City University of New York.

PERSPECTIVE

By Peter Karman

Is Charles Krauthammer tilting at windmills?

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, who thinks on paper for *The New Republic*, and, one imagines, on three-by-five cards for the Reagan Administration, offers an appalling apologia in the Sept. 8 issue of *TNR* for what is called the Reagan Doctrine. That rubric has been fastened to the administration's motley efforts to annoy the Soviets by subverting vulnerable leftist regimes they support in Afghanistan, Angola, Cambodia and Nicaragua. Cynics say this doctrine may be little more than a lethal license for Casey of the CIA to relive his WWII/OSS reveries in small countries where he can't do much damage to the nation's larger interests. In any case, Krauthammer takes the Doctrine seriously.

In a cover story called "A Moral Guide to Guerrilla War," he sets forth a new catechism of counter-revolution. It's the sort of reading matter a thoughtful contra might take to the can along with his CIA assassination manual or an s/m catalog. Krauthammer begins by squirting cyanide at objections—ethical, practical or otherwise—that sincere but misguided folks might have to the notion that the U.S. has a prerogative to determine the politics and economic priorities of foreigners living in their foreign countries. He does this simply by declaring that the United States and its foreign policy is synonymous with morality. We are, he says, "self-evidently good" at home and when we go abroad. Our rectitude needs no explication; it is axiomatic: France is snooty, Italy is charming, Russia is closed, America is...moral. This goodness apparently serves the same function as a visa or a White House pass. It allows moralists from The Company or the Special Forces to enter alien lands and park in their presidential palaces.

With just five percent of the world's population, we Americans require two-thirds of the world's lawyers to adjudicate the torts and transgressions in our society. We consume 60 percent of the world's narcotics production. We generate startling numbers of broken homes and endless varieties of alienation. The U.S. towers over the western industrial tribes in all categories of homicide and mayhem, and, by consensus of the infotainment industry, our country is the nexus of the world's organized, corporatized crime.

Only the Soviets and South Africans have greater percentages of their people in jail than we do—and I'm sure Krauthammer would agree that the great mass of our prisoners are in the clink for good reason. Conservative preachers denounce America as Sodom and leftist agitators as Gomorrah. The President ardently villifies the very government he heads as the enemy of the nation. A regular column in *The New Republic* details how the best bred and brightest of our young people apply their gifts to making money without producing anything of value, moral or otherwise. Accordingly, great numbers of foreigners commonly regard the U.S. the way Americans regard New York and New Yorkers regard Times Square.

Krauthammer morality

But Krauthammer is not really suggesting that the pils and power brokers of Kabul would be better off conniving in their backrooms with a reincarnated Roy Cohn than groveling before a latter-day Michael Borodin. His notion of our morality is different from what we experience daily in our businesses, in our streets or on our screens. It is more ethereal than the way we conduct our lives. It is that our intentions are good no matter the bad we do, just as theirs are evil no matter the good they do. These intentions, or values, as Krauthammer calls them, are self-evident,

at least to the editors of *The New Republic*. And, in any case, they're the only fig leaves left in the empire's otherwise empty ideological wardrobe.

Krauthammer tells us that the mission of our morality is to spread freedom. He notes with pride that in Europe, in one of his more robustly cynical phrases, "Every inch of soil that lies behind *American lines* (emphasis added) is now a liberal democracy." Thus Europe, with a greater population and economy, not to mention older and broader cultures than ours, is reduced to America's battlefield. To add insult to arrogance, Krauthammer takes the line of the employer who fights the union tooth and nail, finally loses, and then brags about the high wages he pays.

Baron von Deaver

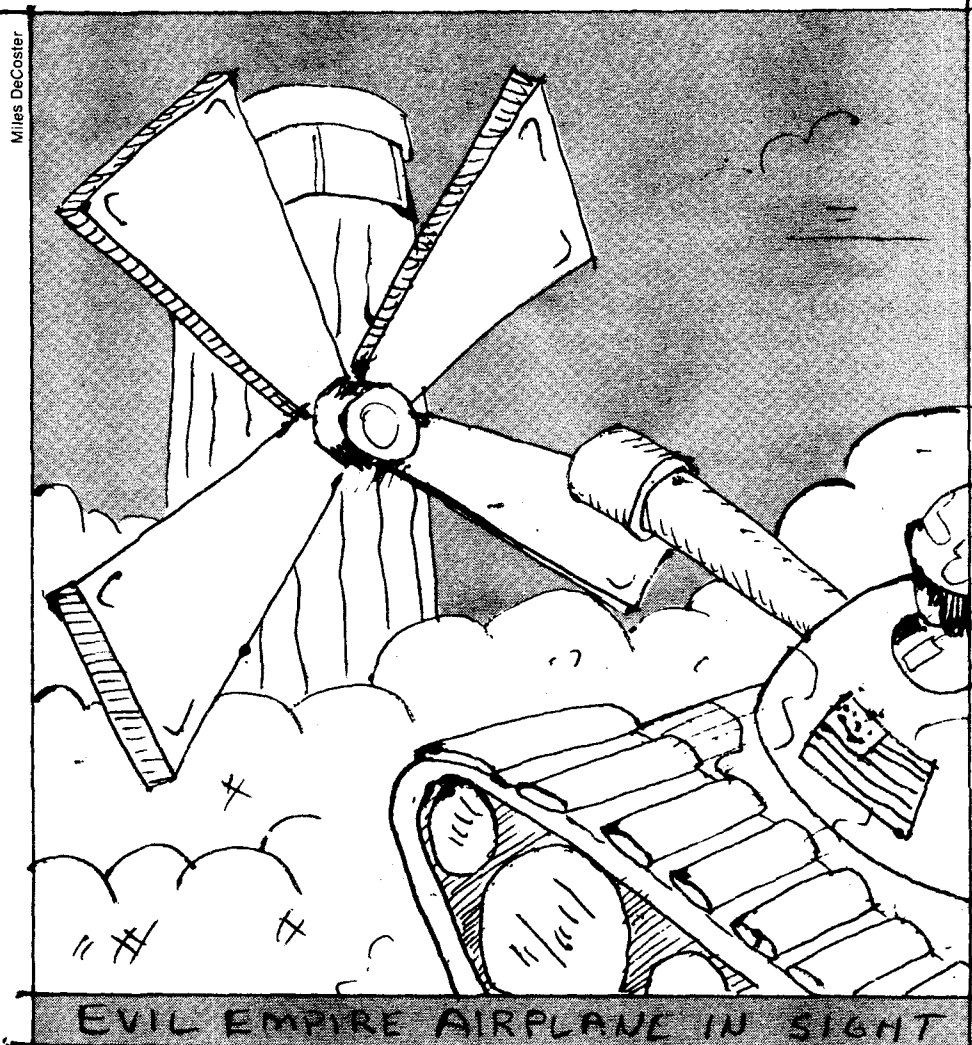
Spaniards, Greeks, Portuguese and Turks remain brutally scarred, in flesh and memory, by Washington's lavish and lingering patronage of their recent fascist regimes. Indeed, there's hardly a neo-Nazi gang from Manchester to Ankara that has not fattened on CIA largesse. It's bad taste to recall that in the heroic early Cold War days, Washington's notion of freedom's cause in Europe required the professional services of Klaus Barbie, Joseph Mengele and a cellblock load of lesser-known Nazi butchers. When in 1975 Franco was approaching rigor mortis, President Ford, signaling Washington's feeling about the freshets of freedom wafting through Spain, made a special sidetrip to Madrid to pat the hand that had clasped Hitler's and Mussolini's. In Reagan's time, Secretary of State Haig found nothing amiss when Francoist officers, no doubt taking heart from Ford's gallant gesture to the departing caudillo, gunned their way into Spain's democratic Cortez in a coup attempt. And who can forget Baron von Deaver of Bitburg? But why dredge up the past when you can stripmine the future? Krauthammer assures us that we've learned the lesson that propping up dictators may not be *that* democratic a thing to do even if it makes sense for our vital "interests."

He alludes to these "interests" as if they were as natural as cowpies in a pasture. Does Indonesia have vital "interests" in Bolivia, or Pakistan in Peru, or Sweden in Somalia? Why does Caspar Weinberger say that "there is no corner of the world so remote, no nation so insignificant that it does not represent a vital interest of the U.S."? What is the nature and morality of these "interests" apart from seeing to it that others do not interest themselves in them? He is apparently not interested in saying.

When reactionaries and neocons like Krauthammer wax lyrical about democracy, I conjure up a McDonald's franchisee who celebrates the restaurant trade for the wonderful variety of food it serves everywhere but in McDonald's. Of all the NATO countries (Turkey currently excepted), the U.S.A. has the narrowest and most right-sided spectrum—sliver, really—of political thought and activity. The American bag of tolerated ideologies, running from say Ted Kennedy's to Jesse Helms', would fit quite neatly on the tea tray of a BritRail local carrying Tories to a party confab in Brighton. In NATO Europe, by contrast, they also have something called a left wing which the locals continue to regard as a political option despite constant admonitions by American envoys that it be treated as a problem for the police. Indeed, Reagan's ambassadors in Rome and Paris endlessly shudder in

horrified amazement because actual Marxists are permitted to stream in and out of legislatures and ministries and may even be found in the better restaurants. What is normal and familiar in capitalist Europe is beyond our realm of thought. Consider, for instance, that Austria is an austere and extremely conservative country that just elected an ex-Nazi as its President. Now consider that the diplomatic and economic policies adhered to in old Vienna by that old Nazi would be labeled lunatic leftist revolutionism if suggested in Washington.

Having ordained that morality is our MasterCard, instantly accepted in millions of locations worldwide, Krautham-



mer advises on how to master our possibilities. He tells us that as a status quo power, our talent, or lack of it, runs to combatting insurgencies, whereas now the need is to overthrow established governments. This will require a reinterpretation of international law and custom along the lines of: the commies flaunt them anyway and we really don't have to obey them because we're "self-evidently good."

He complains that the Afghani rebels and Nicaraguan contras commit barbarities because we don't have sufficient control over them. The remedy is properly to boss these various wogs, dinks and spicks lest they go on behaving atrociously and compromise our plans for their freedom and independence.

Krauthammer's catechism goes into some detail about the moralities of various methods of terminating various categories of people. In this he steers with the saintliness of a Borgia pope between the Marines' teeshirt precept to "Kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out," and the Army's cadence count, "Airborne ranger, what did you do? I killed some commies for me and you." Try to avoid it, he counsels, but if we are put in a hopeless situation where we have to commit genocide or quit, it's the commies' fault because they're so implacable.

Random murder of innocents by our side is terrorism and therefore wrong, he allows. But he may not be aware that the

Pentagon resolved this ethical dilemma in Vietnam by declaring all such corpses to be communists.

Feckless warriors

By whatever moral standard it is played out, the Reagan Doctrine reeks of the quixotic. It is one of those hopeless projects that cannot even be mitigated by success. The unlikely overthrow of any or all of the targeted regimes promises only wilder and woolier foreign policy problems for Washington. While a bewildering variety of foreign capitalisms munch happily away at the overdone American empire, the Reaganauts can think of nothing better to do than chase the ghost of a 19th century German philosopher through the heart of darkness. But, of course, relevance and victory no longer really matter for Reaganauts. Like Frank Zappa, they're happy to acknowledge that they're only in it for the money.

The Bay of Pigs and Vietnam taught our spooks and soldiers what brokers and

bookies already knew: that you can get as much action on the downside as the upside. Though some vague concept called the national interest lost those two wars—and a few others from Teheran to Beirut—individuals in the military and intelligence services had the time of their lives and made barrels of money. Indeed, serious books and investigative pieces going back 25 years trace the explosive growth in the global dope, guns, extortion and terror trades to those rum nights in Havana, Miami, Washington and Saigon when smart guys from big government, big business and big crime discovered that Americans would buy anything at any price that could be shipped or smuggled under the label of anti-communism.

Washington is deals and boondoggles. The contras will fade, the Pushtoon irregulars will end up like the White Russians. Savimbi will eventually retire to sunny Portugal, Pol Pot will go to hell, and the Reagan Doctrine will go the way of the Carter and Nixon Doctrines. But no matter. Lots of smart guys from Langley to Lahore, from the White House to the safe house, will end up set for life. Only the really nasty ones will revel in the evil they did. The others will depend on the Krauthammers to tell them that, no matter what their nightmares, they are "self-evidently good."

Peter Kraman is a Connecticut-based freelance writer.

Robertson

Continued from page 3

sions into the trade balance and the balanced budget, was a call for a Fundamentalist revival in America. He thundered against the demons of "casual sex, infidelity and easy divorce, the recreational use of drugs and radical lifestyles." And he said the solution to America's problems is to return religion to the classroom: "For the sake of our children, we must bring God back to the classrooms of America."

Robertson's view of education is little different from that of William Jennings Bryan and the Christian Fundamentalists of the early 20th century. "We have taken the Holy Bible from our young and replaced it with the thoughts of Charles Darwin, Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, and John Dewey," Robertson declared.

He blames the nation's moral decline on a "small elite of lawyers, judges, and educators [who] have given us such a tortured view of the establishment clause of the First Amendment to our Constitution." Robertson wants the First Amendment merely to prohibit the establishment of a state religion by Congress. States and other principalities can do what they want. Such an interpretation would not only allow local religious majorities to impose their will, but effectively remove the free-speech protections of the First Amendment.

In his press conference before the evening event, Robertson repeatedly insisted that his campaign was distinct from his religious convictions. Asked what relevance his belief in Armageddon would have to his foreign policy views, Robertson, who in 1982 predicted that the war in Lebanon would usher in the period of Tribulation, answered, "My understanding is that Armageddon deals with the final conflict. It is not in the hands of human beings. There can be no policy that deals with Armageddon."

He likened his own candidacy to that of Catholic candidate John F. Kennedy. "I would ask for the same fairness that was accorded John F. Kennedy," Robertson told the reporters. But the difference between

Kennedy and Robertson was obvious enough during the Constitution Hall event. If Kennedy had made the Pope and Cardinals Cushing and Spellman the principal speakers and endorsers when he announced for president, Americans would have been quick to question whether his policy as president would reflect the wishes of Rome or those of Oshkosh.

Given Robertson's own pronouncements and the pre-eminent role that Oral Roberts and other Fundamentalists played in the proceedings, Americans are likely to continue wondering whether Robertson will consult "Revelations" or his Secretary of State when the next war in the Mideast breaks out and whether his educational curriculum would reflect "Genesis" or "The Evolution of the Species."

No one gives Robertson any chance to win the Republican nomination. Even conservative Fundamentalists who are registered Republicans might not vote for him. In a *Wall Street Journal*/NBC poll taken during the August Michigan primaries, Robertson was backed by only 23 percent of the Republican voters who identified themselves as "born-again Christians," while Bush received 57 percent.

But where grassroots activism rather than television determines votes—in small states like New Hampshire or in caucus states like Texas, Virginia, Michigan and Iowa—Robertson could get as many as a quarter of the delegates. Judging from the results in Michigan, he will take votes from Rep. Jack Kemp rather than Vice President George Bush, who is both endorsed by the

Rev. Jerry Falwell and safely positioned in the middle rather than the right of the Republican spectrum. In a *Detroit News* survey of the 8,000 Michigan delegates elected last August, 45 percent were for Bush, 21 percent for Robertson and 16 percent for Kemp. To Bush's benefit, Robertson will also discourage right-wing challengers like Colorado Sen. William Armstrong who would depend on the Fundamentalist vote as an initial base.

Robertson's ability to help Bush and hurt the more right-wing candidates has caused considerable grumbling among conservative Christian activists. Curtis Maynard, the chairman of the American Coalition for Traditional Values, warned in an interview that Robertson's candidacy could "set back our movement 20 years."

Backlash hits Christian right

Pat Robertson is only the most visible manifestation of the Christian right's entry into Republican politics. This year, candidates are running not only for higher office, but also for Republican state and county committees in almost every state. Many of these efforts have been funded by national organizations like Falwell's Liberty Federation, Robertson's Freedom Council, *Christian Voice* and the American Coalition for Traditional Values (ACTV), yet the inspiration has been local and spontaneous.

A pattern is emerging: Christian right candidates and activists succeed remarkably in little-known races that put a premium on grassroots mobilization, but in highly visible contests, where the Christian right's participation becomes an issue, its candidates suffer a backlash. Thus, a little-known Fundamentalist minister from Beech Grove, Ind., defeated the party's choice for Congress merely on the strength of \$4,000 and 500 church volunteers warning of an AIDS epidemic in Indiana. Royce West, a Fundamentalist, won the Texas gubernatorial election in New Mexico, Arizona and several other states. Fundamentalists have been soundly defeated.

In Texas a state-wide Fundamentalist organization, the Texas Grassroots Coalition, tried to take over the Republican Party organization, both running candidates in county caucuses and fielding a candidate for party chairman. In order to win its support, the Coalition demanded that candidates sign a nine-point covenant. It included provisions that would eliminate government welfare and assign the care of the "poor and truly needy" to "Christian individuals, families, voluntary agencies and the Church," and would call upon civil magistrates to "denounce and restrain... pornography, prostitution, adultery, incest, homosexuality and other sexual crimes."

Although Texas Republicans tend to be more conservative than the national party, they were nonetheless infuriated by the Grassroots Coalition's covenant. Kay Danks, a candidate for party vice-chairman, wouldn't sign the covenant because she couldn't understand article seven, which said: "The power to tax is derived from and limited by God's laws." Danks recalled her interview with the Coalition. "This fellow went into this whole explanation about a portion of the Bible that has to do with Nabob and Jezebel not selling the vineyards, and I never could figure out how it applied to what they said."

Oilman George Strake had planned to step down as chairman, but when the Coalition's Rev. Sam Hoerster entered the race against Diana Denman, a weaker candidate, Strake re-entered and Denman went for vice-chair. Although the Coalition got some of its platform planks, its candidate was easily defeated by Strake 3,882 to 744.

In both New Mexico and Arizona, highly publicized Fundamentalist candidates were rejected by Republican voters. Paul Becht, whom Robertson and the Freedom Council

support, came in fourth in the race for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Controversial former Rep. John B. Conlan, who had chaired a right-wing Fundamentalist lobby, garnered only 28 percent of the vote in his unsuccessful bid for the Republican Congressional nomination in Arizona.

Yet the most telling defeat was in Michigan. Three-term Rep. Mark Siljander, a vocal, right-wing Evangelical, was defeated in the Republican primary by Fred Upton, the choice of Grand Rapids business leaders and of former Rep. David Stockman. The campaign's turning point came when Siljander circulated a tape to local ministers calling upon them to "break the back of Satan" by electing him and defeating Upton.

These electoral setbacks have left a wake of bitterness among Christian right leaders. At a press conference last week, Rev. Robert Grant, the chairman of *Christian Voice*, accused Upton of using Siljander's "religion against him." Other Christian leaders have grumbled privately about starting a new third party, but at the same time they have prompted Christian right activists to disguise their own identities.

Both Falwell and Robertson no longer refer to themselves as "reverend," but as "doctor." In his campaigning, the Rev. Don Lynch has conspicuously dropped "Rev." from his name tag. In Maryland, participants at a political training seminar sponsored by Great Commission Inc. were told not to leave biblical material in their car and to cover up religious bumper stickers with political ones.

In Indiana, Falwell's Liberty Federation tries to downplay its support for candidates. "If a guy goes out there and says I'm with the Liberty Federation, then he isolates all the anti-Liberty Federation people," Indiana Chairman Kenn Gividen said. But there is a question whether this kind of strategy can satisfy a movement whose very nature is to spread the "good news" of its faith.

—J.B.J.

"The religious Left is the only Left we've got." — The Nation

Writing in a recent issue of *The Nation*, Michael Ferber argues that in periods such as ours, when the secular Left is defeated or dejected, it is religious people who keep progressive social ideals alive. Currently, Ferber estimates, "of every five people actively working for progressive causes, at least three draw energy and conviction from their religious beliefs."

According to Ferber, religious people are wrestling with transcendent questions progressives need to debate (but often evade): What is the good society? Are there means to get there that don't spoil the ends? How do we summon the courage to act, especially when many are disheartened and action involves sacrifice? Moreover, lest the current religious revival be surrendered to the political Right, "it is our task to talk values, to talk ideals, to talk transcendence," says Ferber.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW (an ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics) agree wholeheartedly. We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Thomas Merton, Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero.

We are fascinated by the challenge religious activists have been posing to poverty, plant closings, apartheid, nuclear weapons, the arms race, and U.S. belligerence in Central America.

We are amused that a high-ranking general

stated at the National War College that "the greatest challenge to all that we do now comes from within the churches," and that White House operative Patrick Buchanan complained that religious activists "have helped energize the Left to an extent that it has not been energized since the Vietnam War."

We are gladdened by the way the Catholic bishops have, in their pastoral letters, placed economic democracy on the national agenda and nuclear disarmament on the nation's conscience.

But we are dismayed that few on the conventional Left are aware of what religious people are doing and saying. If, as Ferber says, the religious Left is the only real Left there is, it behooves progressives of all persuasions to inquire into the sources of resilience, energy, and social passion found among religious progressives.

We believe the secular Left needs the religious Left as never before. Those who write for us include diverse people like Robert N. Bellah, Christopher Lasch, J.M. Cameron, Eileen Egan, Henri J.M. Nouwen, John C. Cort, Norman Lear, Robert Coles, Juli Loesch, Richard J. Mouw, and Gordon C. Zahn. We bat around the full range of theological, ethical, and social issues, and defy easy pigeonholing. *Newsweek* has called us "thoughtful and often cheeky," Martin E. Marty finds us "lively," and the *Library Journal* has predicted we will "doubtless command increasing attention." If you think it's time to end the isolation of the secular Left from the religious Left, subscribe today!

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TOXIC CHEMICALS

Bhopal: a cloud with no silver lining

Behind the Poison Cloud: Union Carbide's Bhopal Massacre

By Larry Everest
Banner Press, 192 pp., \$8.95

By Dilip Hiro

NEARLY TWO YEARS AFTER the fact, the world's deadliest industrial disaster is still in progress, claiming more lives each day, albeit stealthily. Tens of thousands of Bhopal citizens continue to suffer the lethal consequences of the cloud of Methyl Iso-Cyanate (MIC) that leaked from the Union Carbide's pesticide plant in December 1984.

Some 2,500 to 4,500 people succumbed immediately to the poisonous gas. Many thousands more have subsequently perished, as shown by a recent study of Hindu cremation grounds and Muslim cemeteries.

An average of about 8,000 Hindus are cremated in Bhopal annually. But this year's figure is almost 15,000, the rise being the direct consequence of the gas leak. Children have suffered most. Last year 249 were cremated; this year 1,017. A similar rise has been noticed in Muslim burials as well. This means that the Bhopal figure exceeds the average annual total of 10,000 deaths by toxic chemicals in the entire Third World.

The gas leak lasted two hours in the middle of the night and spread over 16 square miles affecting some 200,000 sleeping people. Of these nearly a third inhaled or swallowed large quantities of the gas, damaging their eyes, lungs, stomachs and nervous systems. Those lucky enough to survive are now suffering the after-effects.

Swallowing the toxic gas burned the esophagus and stomach of the victims, inducing chronic loss of appetite, thus cutting short their life-span. Inhaling the gas burned the bronchial tubes and damaged lungs. Some 10,000

Cost cutting ends up costing lives in The Third World

people, plagued with lung problems, are unable to breathe properly.

They suffer from a limitation on raising oxygen in their bodies, says Dr. N.P. Misra, a local chest specialist. "They are incapable of doing exercise or severe physical exertion. They cannot do the kind of manual work they did before. Despite treatment, those who had moderate or severe exposure are unlikely to recover completely." This is terrible news for the victims, most of whom still live in the slums around the Union Carbide plant, and depend upon manual work for their livelihood. Bhopal victims also suffer from conjunctivitis, abdominal pains, lassitude, depression, diarrhea, vomiting, weight loss and skin rashes.

A penetrating study of this calamity and its wider national and

international implications is offered by American researcher Larry Everest in *Behind the Poison Cloud: Union Carbide's Bhopal Massacre*. Everest travelled to Bhopal two months after the accident. He recorded the personal horror of the victims, and investigated the circumstances that led up to the tragic accident. He produced a damning well-documented indictment of Union Carbide and the Indian government. And all subsequent findings about Bhopal have borne out the most cynical analysis.

Everest lays out the facts about pesticides produced by the Union Carbide's Bhopal plant and describes the international pesticide market. Five multinational corporations produce half of the world's pesticides. Though the Third World consumes only 15 percent of the total output, it accounts for 75 percent of pesticide-related deaths. This is primarily because the pesticides used in Third World countries are highly toxic.

Temik, a pesticide produced in Bhopal, is labeled "extremely hazardous" by the World Health Organization. Nearly 70 percent of the pesticides used in India are banned or restricted in the industrial world. For instance DDT and BHC, widely used in India, are banned in the U.S.

What is true of product safety, or lack thereof, is equally true of the design and equipment used to manufacture it. Following the Bhopal calamity a U.S. State Department official told a Congressional sub-committee: "We do not generally apply U.S. environmental and industrial safety laws to activities of multinational enterprises in other countries."

Cutting corners

The reason is obvious. Safety measures can increase costs of a new chemical plant's overall design and construction up to 30 percent. And being able to slash safety-related costs is tempting for U.S. multinationals operating in the Third World.

Union Carbide is a perfect example. Its plant at Institute, West Virginia, follows the same chemical design as the one in Bhopal. Yet the differences in safety standards are striking. The flare tower for burning the escaping MIC has two pilot lights, an igniter and booster gas—all automatically controlled with manual backups. In Bhopal the flare tower had only one pilot flame and no booster gas—with all the safety devices being controlled manually.

When falling profits led Union Carbide's management in Bhopal to economize, it curtailed the overall workforce from 800 to 630. It slashed the staff for the MIC unit, the deadliest of the lot, from 20 to nine.

As it happens MIC can be produced by using non-toxic materials. Only this method is not as "efficient"—that is, profitable—as the one used by Union Carbide in Bhopal and Institute. All these details add up to one conclusion: whenever there is conflict between safety and profits, private capital opts for profit.

Due to the power of the mass

media, well-informed public opinion, high value attached to human life, and the environmental lobbies active in the advanced capitalist societies, there is sufficient pressure on the corporations there to comply with safety regulations.

This is not the case in Third World states such as India, which have chosen the path of capitalist development and are anxiously courting Western capital. The population in such countries is largely illiterate, the mass media either controlled or guided by the authorities (or at best dependent for their survival on governmental advertising), the bureaucracy inefficient and corrupt, and human life considered cheap.

The Bhopal disaster occurred as Indira Gandhi was opening India to Western capital, a policy that has been accelerated by her son, Rajiv, since he became prime minister just over a year ago. The number of joint business projects between India and foreign com-

panies in 1984 was the highest ever: 730. Of these 101 were with American firms, the largest single category.

The power of positive PR

No wonder, following the Bhopal gas leak the Indian ambassador to America was publicly declaring that the two administrations were attempting to "contain the damage" and that they were in "close contact with each other trying to maintain an even atmosphere even though there was an enormous sense of public dismay and even outrage."

Yet popular outrage seemed to have failed to move either the state government of Madhya Pradesh or the federal government of India. Most of the doctors and state officials appear to have colluded with Union Carbide in rejecting the conclusion, reached by those who conducted the autopsies of the dead, that the victims had died of poisoning by hydrogen cyanide, the gas

used in Nazi concentration camps.

Hydrogen cyanide was one of the products of the MIC's thermal decomposition, and seems the likeliest explanation of what happened in Bhopal: thousands of gallons of water entered a MIC storage tank during a cleaning operation and set off a chain reaction, which raised temperature and pressure, and blasted off the valves. Had the formation of hydrogen cyanide gas been conceded straight away, a simple and effective antidote would have saved many lives and much suffering. But it was not, either by the Union Carbide hierarchy or government officials or public hospital doctors.

Inadequate relief

On the whole the behavior of the state and federal administrations towards the victims has been cavalier. The sufferers and their relatives have had to demonstrate, periodically, to highlight their continued unemployment and the inadequate relief and treatment being given to the victims. The authorities have reacted sharply, once ordering a baton charge of the demonstrators.

The judicial commission of inquiry appointed by the state government to report by March 1985 has met only a few times so far. State functionaries have been as evasive in answering its inquiries as have Union Carbide officials.

In contrast scientists in India's defense laboratories have been uncharacteristically active in assessing the potential of hydrogen cyanide as a chemical weapon. They are also busily working on an antidote for military use.

A team of Indian civilian doctors at a Bombay hospital has been determining how cyanide poisoning affects human metabolism, a subject of consuming interest to Union Carbide as well as American military. Last February Dr. Bryan Ballantyne, the company's top toxicologist, visited the hospital. Earlier he had participated in the U.S. army's chemical defense review at a camp in Maryland, and presented a paper on the effects of hydrogen cyanide.

So, in India and the U.S., military researchers have found in Bhopal's unprecedented misery a rich mine of information to be used to enlarge and intensify the catalogue of chemical weapons.

Covert cooperation between the two sides goes on, while they publicly dispute whether responsibility for the disaster lies with the parent company based in the U.S., or the Indian subsidiary, Union Carbide India Limited. Fifty-one percent of the subsidiary is owned by the parent company.

Current press reports suggest that once the issue of the responsibility is decided, the two sides will strike an out-of-court deal on the size of the compensation. As Larry Everest writes in *Behind the Poison Cloud*, "More than the money Union Carbide is hoping to save, or the speed with which the Indian government hopes to obtain a settlement, resolving the dispute outside the court room is a means of avoiding the damaging political fallout and incriminating exposure of both parties that a prolonged court case could entail."

He concludes that "Both parties feel it is best that the full story of the Bhopal massacre remains buried in corporate and official vaults."

Dilip Hiro is the author of *Inside India Today* published by Monthly Review Press.

INPRINT



There was no place to hide for the children of Bhopal.

MEDIA BEAT

Liberty, as brought to you by...

One of the distributors at the recent Video Software Dealers Association convention boasts, "Take back control of your TV set." But a look at the sampling available could make you wonder who's in control of what. VCR owners can now liberate themselves from broadcast TV with such offerings as "Dress to Thrill," a shopper's guide to lingerie; "Cooking with Beafcake," a how-to-cook video done by chefs wearing only aprons; "Miss Manners on Weddings: for Better, Not Worse," a postmodern guide to ritual; and the video version of "True Confessions." Of greater concern to broadcasters were offerings poaching on public TV's preserve of nature documentaries. Still hard to see was the promise of pluralism with new technologies, and the reason is not hard to find. Use value is a disappearing concept in a world of information marketed as a commodity.

The Medium, The Message

The folks at NBC, which broadcasts "Miami Vice," were shaken by a poll in which viewers named that show more frequently than any other as glamorizing drug use. They profess not to understand how a show in which the bad guys—the high-living hustlers—always lose can be considered a plug for drugs. Someone ought to refer them to the many statements by producer Michael Mann that the series is not about its stories but its "look." Mann, both with his TV series and such films as *Thief* and *Manhunter*, has specialized in rhapsodic style that puts image so far ahead of substance that it becomes the substance. The poll also suggests what many in media have long taken as given: that it's not what you say, it's getting on the air. And if it's drugs in an elegantly color-coded context, who cares who wins?

Not Art, Not Life

Someone who is struggling to retain some content in broadcast programming is Steven Bochco ("Hill St. Blues"). He's now premiering his new effort "L.A. Law," and inadvertently demonstrating the limits of the form. As usual, he's out in front saying the outrageously obvious, this time in the *New York Times Magazine*. "Television is not an art medium. It's not really an entertainment medium. It is really a commercial sales medium," he said. "It does not want to do anything to encourage controversy or distress. The ideal piece of programming for selling things, I suppose, lulls you into a pleasant sense of well-being, and that's what some of the most successful people in this business have done." In Bochco's case, knowledge may not be power, although NBC's current head Grant Tinker keeps saying he's willing to give Bochco's new program a chance, ratings or no. But will Tinker's successor, Robert Wright, who climbed through the ranks of General Electric—NBC's new owner—as a tough, cost-cutting executive, agree? Wright says he's only after excellence, but in conglomerate-land excellence is measured on the bottom line.

What's News?

CBS may test those claims to excellence before Wright can settle in at NBC. The company's latest shakeup at the top—in which financier Laurence Tisch and CBS's own William Paley seized control—is the latest drama in the newly open market in media properties. Once the FCC lifted regulations that required station owners to hold stations three years before resale (see last week's "Media Beat"), not only many stations but all three networks went up for grabs. The FCC has also loosened rules on public affairs programming and station ownership. Television's old guard—which still remembers when the business of mass media carried a public responsibility—is alarmed, and some say Tisch staged the takeover to keep CBS from selling out to the likes of Coke or Westinghouse. Some are nostalgic for the role of regulation, including Fred Friendly, once president of CBS News. "In my day," he told *Broadcasting* magazine, "my bosses fought the FCC. It turns out that the FCC was the best friend they ever had. It kept them honest. It gave them a conscience. Now that conscience is gone. And when the money managers say, 'Let's make more money,' there's no way to say what they used to say: 'If we do that we might lose our license'... Now there's no reason to do their best." Friendly is particularly concerned about the quality of news, and so is ex-CBS news director Richard Salant, who fingered the parent company, CBS Inc.: "They don't give a damn about news except as a profit center." At CBS, the fate of the news is again unclear, with the departure of Van Gordon Sauter after he performed a purge of the news staff and with the revamping of *CBS Morning News* (which was axed for *not being fluffy enough*). Just what network priorities are these days is spelled out in last month's *Channels of Communication*, in a profile of the man who revamped NBC's news formats. One-time political media guru Tim Russert's triumph was in eroding the barrier between news and entertainment, in part by flacking NBC's entertainment programming as part of the news. With the standards of news coverage measured on the stock exchange, and without regulatory vigilance, anybody's new CBS will have a tough job measuring up to Friendly's old-fashioned standards.

—Pat Aufderheide

By Jeff Reid

PAUL SIMON IS PERHAPS the last musician you'd expect to make a musical pilgrimage back to Africa, but there he is doing it on his latest LP, *Graceland*. And damned if it doesn't sound authentic. Or at least sincere.

Recorded with a grab bag of South African musicians playing major musical roles, *Graceland* is Simon's most thematically unified and insistently rhythmic album to date. Simon has integrated a variety of American and African styles: wheezing accordions lead the way through breezy funk vamps; American folk-song forms are overlaid on intricate a cappella chants; wild vocal ululations meet R & B that's been filtered through the soul of America's quintessential white boy.

Of course, America's pop music is an ongoing synthesis of African and European traditions, and in that sense, *Graceland* is one more feedback loop in this giant cross-cultural reverberation. Just as Jamaican reggae music sprang from an attempt to approximate American soul music, Simon's South African collaborators have taken the raw materials of rock and made them raw again, which is the kind of rebirth rock'n'roll can always use.

Into this tangled mass of musical roots steps an American pop-folkie long derided as a Wonderbread wimp. And lo and behold, he feels right at home—or at least no more disoriented than the African musicians he's working with. Simon writes on *Graceland*'s liner notes that his interest in South African "township jive" was piqued

The raw material's of rock are raw once again

by the album *Gumboots: Accordion Jive Hits Volume II*, which led him to Soweto. That was where he met and recorded with many of the artists from the Gumboots collection.

Unlike Paul McCartney, who took the cultural-imperialism rap for waltzing into Lagos, Nigeria, for his *Band on the Run* sessions and waltzing out again without giving the African musicians much due, Simon shares songwriting credits with fellow musicians. And the result, a true collaboration, benefits all concerned: Simon's career gets a booster shot of soul, while his South African cohorts expose their talents and culture to a wider audience.

By and large on *Graceland*, Simon has shelved his mannered irony and dour precocity. In contrast, on his last album, *Hearts and Bones*, Simon wasted vinyl crooning to his allergies and worrying that he thinks too much, while studio insects like guitarist Al Di Meola buzzed around and spoiled what might have been a nice picnic.

Remember to have fun

This time out, Simon is thinking and feeling and not worrying too much about it. Oh, he's still worrying about it some—leading his life of noisy desperation. But he's remembered something important about pop music. He's remembered to have fun. Of course, who wouldn't have fun among all these great and bizarre musicians? The

giddy whoop-whooping of the Gaza Sisters, for example, gives "I Know What I Know" a herky-jerky intensity that draws a nimble vocal from the sometimes perfunctory Simon. And the basso underlining of Joseph Shabulala and Ladysmith Black Mombazo on "Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes" provides a dense vocal backup for Simon's reedy voice. (There's also a flock of better-known American musicians helping out: Linda Ronstadt, Adrian Belew, Los Lobos, the Everly Brothers.)

Bass is the place

The real musical stars, however, are guitarist Chikapa "Ray" Phiri and Bassist Baghiti Khumalo. The light funky-reggae touch of Phiri's chording opens acres of space for other players. And, Khumalo, as he blurts out tuba-like exhortations from his fretless,

line drags the tune along seemingly against its will. And the lyrics seem part of the same reluctant machine, revealing the contradictions inherent in South Africa, and the modern world as a whole.

With just the right dose of irony, Simon juxtaposes terrorism and technology's marvels. He shows how the vision of science can be used to see distant galaxies or to violate our privacy in slo-mo surveillance. It's an apocalypse of exploding baby carriages and "lazers in the jungle somewhere." A world where "medicine is magical and magical is art/the boy in the bubble and the baby with the baboon heart." Simon knows that this world of wonders is guided by "staccato signals of constant information, and a loose affiliation of millionaires and billionaires." The sharp-edged lyrics funnel their anxious energy back into the mu-

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC

Paul Simon's state of grace



South African squeeze-box rock: the gospel accordion to Simon

is simply the star of every cut he plays on. Pardon me while I wax hyperbolic, but Khumalo's break on "Call Me Al" is a slapping and popping sensation that should send bassists from Paul McCartney to Stanley Clarke into paroxysms of envy. Phiri and Khumalo are Soweto-ghetto jive's answer to Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare: the reggae rhythm-section that became everybody's band aid for rhythmic rejuvenation.

Simon rises to the occasion—his material is sharp, his phrasing astute. Although there's no song on *Graceland* to match Simon's solo career apogee, "American Tune," there's also nothing that sinks as low as "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover."

"The Boy in the Bubble," one of *Graceland*'s most successful songs, melds South African and American sounds in an uneasy truce of traditions. The song begins with the weary, machine-like heaving of an accordion punctuated by a cavernous drum-beat. A chugging, relentless bass

sical hurly-burly, which is a mixture of folky Afro-jive and high-tech recording techniques.

Given such a bonanza in little-known "ethnic" music, a stylistic scholar like Ry Cooder might make an album that's more of a dissertation—with every note virtually footnoted to verify its authenticity. But Simon is a tourist, in the best sense of the word. He gets involved and doesn't pretend he isn't there. Yet he also doesn't fall into the tourist trap of making sweeping cultural generalizations, which, though perhaps true, don't add anything to the equation.

Rather than write didactic anthems in the obvious apartheid-sucks mode, Simon creates an impressionistic picture of South Africa. Even as he skirts the overtly political, the truth resonates, imaginatively. In the end, Simon's musical sampler of Afro-American pop is an integrated crazy quilt that meshes sound and image, black and white, African and American. You couldn't ask for more.

PTL

Continued from page 16

high school with hers, would write a check for him then and there.

My last night at Heritage is reserved for the popular Passion Play. The show takes place in an amphitheater big enough to hold a replica of ancient Jerusalem complete with an onstage menagerie: two camels, two horses, a dozen goats and chickens. About 30 performers reenact the story of Jesus as thousands look on. The script is the gospel in fairy tale form. The boogymen is Satan embodied in the Jews.

A popular refrain: blame the Jews

Mad dogs draped in talaysim who salivate at the money in Temple coffers, hound Pontius Pilate till he decrees Jesus's death. The son of God is beaten, whipped, and stabbed with great relish; the crowds of Jerusalem throw garbage at him as the rabbis jeer. We even hear the banging of the nails as sol-

diers affix Jesus's hands and feet to the cross. But after three days, the bloodied body emerges whole and white in shafts of golden light. Spontaneously, the people around me raise their arms, palms facing outward and swaying. Some mumble, "Yes, Jesus" or "Praise the Lord." With Christ's resurrection, the applause thunders in appreciation of the actors' performance and of God's.

In the lobby of the amphitheater I pass the Jerusalem Poke About Shoppe filled with miniature mangers, holy family figurines, and buttons that say "I (picture of a red heart) Israel." But there's some question of how they love Israel. According

to evangelical doctrine, the ingathering and destruction of the Israelites will signal the final holocaust before the Second Coming.

It is Vestal, finally who impresses me most deeply. Her Sunday sermon addresses politics as frankly as it did money. "We Christians," her voice resounds, "have had it up to here (holding her hand at her eyebrows). Not here (indicating her chin), but here (eyebrows). It is time for us" she says, "to take over the territory." She means the government.

Twice in two days, guests at Heritage U.S.A. are encouraged from the pulpit to vote for Pat Robertson in the upcoming presidential election (see story page 3). But

IN THESE TIMES SEPT. 24-30, 1986 15 no one needs to be convinced. To all those with whom I eat or chat—the couple from Michigan with the mobile home, the older people from Virginia, the black preacher's wife—it's the obvious thing to do. Only one young man getting his MBA strikes a note of caution, suggesting that Robertson run with Bush. "You need someone in there," he says, "who knows about the international scene, the economy...." But a woman at the table reassures him: "If God wants Mr. Robertson to be president, He'll take care of all that."

Marcia Pally is a New York writer whose work has appeared in **The Nation**, **The New York Times** and **the Village Voice**.

BEQUESTS

In These Times appreciates the bequests received from readers and supporters. These legacies (ranging from \$500 upward) have been a help to the paper's solvency and show a commitment for continuing **In These Times'** role of providing a left perspective on the news of today.

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Use the Calendar to announce conferences, lectures, films, events, etc. The cost is **\$20.00 for one insertion, \$30.00 for two insertions and \$15.00 for each additional insert**, for copy of 50 words or less (additional words are 50¢ each). Payment must accompany your announcement, and should be sent at the attention of **ITT Calendar**.

BOSTON, MA

September 28

Nicaraguan Minister of Health, Dora Tellez, will speak at MIT, 77 Mass. Avenue, Building 10, Room 250, 7:00 p.m. For more information call CASA (617) 492-8699.

CHICAGO, IL

September 28

Sweet Honey in the Rock, the acclaimed a capella quintet of black women singers will perform one show at People's Church, 941 W. Lawrence Ave. Sunday, Sept. 28 at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are \$13.50, \$11.50, \$9.50 (\$2.00 discount for hearing-impaired, disabled, under 12, and over 60), available at Ticketmaster,

Women and Children First, 1967 N. Halsted, Guild Books, 2456 N. Lincoln, Val's Halla, 723 1/2 South Blvd., Oak Park, and Platypus Bookstore, 606 E. Dempster, Evanston.

WASHINGTON, DC

September 28

Solidarity march and Sanctuary pilgrimage. 1:00 p.m. We gather at Luther Place Church, marching past the White House. Rally at the Lincoln Memorial. A national event celebrating our support of the sanctuary movement and our solidarity with the peoples of Central America. Speakers include Mayor Gus Newport, Sister Darlene Nicgorski, Rev. Joseph Lowry, Florentina Perez, Charles Clements, Bread and Puppet Theater, Flor de Cana, Underground Railroad Theater, and Itzueye. For more information call (202) 328-0591.

MINNEAPOLIS, MN

October 1

HONEYWELL PROJECT RALLY to demand conversion of Minnesota's largest defense contractor. Plowshares activist Elizabeth McAlister will speak on "Gandhian nonvio-

lence and today's peace movement." Willey Hall, University of Minnesota. The Honeywell Project will mark Gandhi's birthday October 2, with nonviolent civil disobedience at the Honeywell headquarters. Contact Richard Seymour, 1519 East Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404 (612) 871-3753.

SEATTLE, WA

October 2-25

SPAIN 1936: A CIVIL WAR RETROSPECTIVE University of Washington, Kane Hall. Films: (7:00 & 9:00 p.m.) Oct. 2, Viridiana, The Holy Innocents; Oct. 9—The Hunt, Cousin Angelica; October 16—The Good Fight, To Die In Madrid. LECTURES/PERFORMANCES (7:30 p.m.) Oct. 23—"Long-term Historical Impact," Oct. 24—"Cultural Impact: Hemingway to Picasso." WORKSHOPS: Bush School, Oct. 25, 10 am-6 pm. For more information: 543-2049.

BERKELEY, CA

October 19

The Meiklejohn Civil Liberties Institute annual symposium "Taking Hold of the Budget;" University of California. Contact David Christiano, Meiklejohn Civil Liberties Institute, P.O. Box 673, Berkeley, CA 94701 (415) 848-0599.

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ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR sought for IN THESE TIMES. Experience in domestic or foreign news editing required. Duties include copy editing by the acre, writing headlines and photo cutlines, coordinating copy flow throughout the production process, conceptualization and solicitation of stories. Salary negotiable. Good benefits. Send resume and clips or editing samples to Sheryl Larson, ITT, 1300 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657.

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tion for consumers from pesticides. If you are interested in our volunteer program, write to: United Farm Workers, Recruitment, Box 62, La Paz, Keene, CA 93570.

REGIONAL COORDINATOR to represent Nicaragua Network in Pacific Southwest Region. Tasks, through Nicaragua Information Center, will include organizing and fundraising. Full-time—\$1,000/mo., including medical. Send resume, references to: Nicaragua Information Center, P.O. Box 1004, Berkeley, CA 94701, by Oct. 1, 1986.

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HERITAGE U.S.A., RESORT-CUM-theme park for fundamentalist Christians, graces four square miles of the South Carolina countryside 10 miles from the North Carolina border and the city of Charlotte. Jimmy Bakker serves as pastor at Heritage U.S.A.

The park operates under the auspices of Bakker's Praise the Lord Ministry, also known as PTL. Facilities include a day camp, water park, lake, tennis courts, amphitheater, Olympic-sized swimming pool, grocery, laundry, shopping mall, nightclub, hotel, inn, lakeside chalets, and camping grounds. Condominiums are available for permanent residence or time-shared ownership; a continuously-running bus system shuttles visitors among the recreation options and religious events offered each day. Heritage U.S.A. is not a camp. You make your own schedule.

In a sprawling television studio, born-again camera crews tape the daily *Jimmy and Tammy TV Ministry Hour*. Cablecast across PTL's 24-hour "full-time inspiration" satellite network, the program airs in more than 1,200 domestic markets and 52 foreign countries. The church at Heritage U.S.A., also equipped for cablecast, draws thousands of tourists and locals each week.

In March 1979 the Federation Communications Commission investigated PTL for misappropriation of funds. Monies raised for a satellite station in Korea allegedly paid for Jim's Corvette, his wife Tammy's mink, a houseboat and house. The FCC suddenly dropped its investigation in December 1982.

About 40 percent of adult Americans call themselves born-again Christians; 20 percent identify as evangelicals. Recently, I visited Heritage to find out more about some of them firsthand.

The powder-blue blues

Arriving on the grounds at 9:30 Friday morning, I queue up for the daily television show. Hundreds are already lined up in the immaculate powder blue lobby, eager to be that day's live audience. By 11 a.m. a few thousand of us will be seated in the TV studio, also immaculate and powder blue. The main floor of the Heritage Grand Hotel—appointed with chandeliers, Victorian-styled furniture and flat reproductions of famous paintings—also follows the powder blue color scheme, as do the uniforms of all employees.

Every morning pilgrims to this media Mecca fill the cavernous studio, which occupies several square blocks. We file along, passing the portraits of V.I.P.s who have worshipped here. I notice, set apart from the rest, a gilt-framed painting of a blond baby (dressed in powder blue, of course) inscribed: "Best argument against abortion I know"—Jimmy Bakker.

But Bakker and Tammy (who for her contribution to the show normally sings weepy torch songs to Jesus amid torrents of running mascara), aren't officiating this morning. Instead, TV services will be conducted by the Reverends Richard Dortch, Doug Oldham and C. Richard Weylan. "Welcome to the Dickie and Dougie and Dickie show," they grin. Folks are momentarily disappointed.

But nearly everyone enjoys the two-hour program, its bright glamor and pizzazz. They applaud, laugh at jokes, and beam at the camera, proud to be on Christian television. The children are most excited.

In one segment, a Rolls Royce dealer tells how empty his life has been till he accepted Jesus. Throughout the show, the hosts enthusiastically describe projects at Heritage U.S.A. and solicit contributions from viewers. The tone is more Live From Vegas than reverential, the music more "things go better with Coke" than gospel. But these are the sounds that sell and, Rev. Dortch reminds us, the water park, the new hotel, Kevin's House for retarded children, and the farm all need funding. When we finally bow our heads, the reverend thanks the Lord "for we know you are alive and sovereign and in control. We pray for your blessing for the dinner theater, the auction that will take place tomorrow...."

Heritage U.S.A.'s guests come from



Michigan and New Jersey, Arizona, Florida, Missouri and down the road. I meet a Bella Abzug lookalike from New York's borough of Queens. Although these pilgrims are mostly middle aged, many bring their children, tots and teenagers, or their parents. Nearly half are men, a striking increase from the largely female congregations of 10 or 15 years ago. About 15 percent are black. Folks are friendly but don't impose themselves.

Some are dressed in parades of pastels, lime green polyester and, among black women, towering satin turbans. Others wear linen, Norma Kamali prints or shopping-mall punk. One of the soloists from the TV show's band turns up in an ersatz

zebra jacket, lavender shirt and pink tie. The band's keyboardist, a slim man of about 28, sports a clipped beard, long coiffed curls, and confides to a woman near me that he's worried about his diet.

It's a surprisingly secular playground for born-again Christianity. The Heritage Grand advertises as a first class hotel at \$85 a night, meals not included. Fresh fruit, croissants, and brewed coffee (regular and decaf) are on the menu at breakfast at the six on-premises restaurants; prime rib and julienned vegetables at dinner. During the day, guests can participate in sports, or join one of the workshops such as Healing, or Marriage I and II (\$150 per person). Weekly fundraising auctions are held. This weekend

Heritage is hawking motorcycles, bicycles, eight days in St. Thomas for two, a fur coat and a 25-carat aquamarine ring appraised at \$13,500. Proceeds go to PTL.

In the evening, the hotel offers theatrical entertainment. On Friday, I attend *Sing America Sing*, a revue of secular and religious tunes that gleams its selections from such Broadway shows as *The Music Man* and *Fiddler on the Roof*. For Saturday matinee, there's a musical that assails PTL's critics. Music, lyrics and a ballet interlude were composed and rehearsed by PTL's music department. "Digging for Dirt" is a sassy get-the-press number. The finale, "Celebrate God," exercises the cast in a cheer for Jesus that brings the 2,000-member audience to its feet. Also performing at Heritage U.S.A. is Mylon Lefevre and the Beasts, a hard rock group that, a tightly-jeaned teen assures me, "really uplifts the Lord."

The Gospel of Gelt

But uplifting entertainments aside, Sunday school and church funding pleas seem more to the point at Heritage. Long monologues from the podium bounce from one autobiographical and biblical anecdote to the next, and always come round to donations. Uncle Henry tells his Sunday school class (of adults) that "we must be not only a prophet for the Lord, but a P-R-O-F-I-T." He spells it out several times.

In church, Bakker preaches for an hour and a half about the preceding day's telethon. It garnered \$4 million. He weeps (and the woman to my right weeps) at the prospect of raising, before the weekend is out, the full \$8 million that Heritage owes for its construction projects. We don't say prayers or read from the Bible. Jimmy asks for volunteers to answer telephones so that fundraising can resume this morning. Scores, mostly women, comply.

At the end of his sermon, Bakker turns over the microphone to Vestal, a large woman with a formidable manner. Exhorting where he cajoled, she ricochets from story to story—God saves a man from cancer, another from bankruptcy. "People will ask you where you get your information from," she has been building up to this. "You tell them, I follow the light of God. They ask how do you know you're not gonna' die from that cancer and you tell them, I follow the light of God. They ask how do you know to give \$1,000 to PTL and you tell them, I follow the light of God. They ask you how can you afford to go to Heritage U.S.A. for the weekend. You tell them, I follow the light of God... When you give to Jesus he releases his blessings unto you."

Ushers set up donation tables at the side of the hall. This weekend only PTL is offering combination lifetime and silver memberships for \$1,000. These entitle you to three nights and four days each year at Heritage and free admission to most recreational facilities. Hundreds amble over. The couple next to me writes a check for \$3,000. "Get them for your children and grandchildren." One man announces that he's purchased a total of 71.

Returning to the podium, Bakker explains PTL's philosophy. "We are building Heritage U.S.A. for you. This is not a camp meeting. I know, I understand, you don't want to go to—little Johnny doesn't have anything to do in camp meetings. He gets bored. But here, when he's rollerskating someone will be singing 'His eye is on the sparrow and he watches over me.' When he's swimming someone will be singing 'Jesus is Alive and Well.'"

At Saturday's Praise Meeting people testify that He is. One man says Jesus gave him his condo, another says Jesus gave him his second wife. A third man believes Jesus cured him of a blinding eye condition; a fourth that He found him his house. A woman says she knows that the Lord gave her a car with a broken taillight, so that she would get a ticket and have her son drive the car to the garage where the mechanic would ask him how he likes college, so that her son would confess that his mother didn't have the money to send him back next term, so that the mechanic, whose son went to

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